

Old Settlers Meeting 1875
Terre Haute Gazette Jan 10, 11

INDIANA ROOM
Bound copy in basement

Following is a full list of the pioneers who called the first meeting in 1875.

Edward Cruft, born in Terre Haute, January 30, 1830.

William W. Goodman, born in Louisville, near Vincennes, September 9, 1814, moved to Vigo in September, 1819; farmer; postoffice, Macksville.

Richard Watson, born in Spencer Co., Ky., October 7, 1826; came to Vigo in 1828; his father, Scarlet Watson, with family, settled in Prairie Creek tp., which has been place of residence since; Vigo postoffice; farmer.

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Thomas B. Carr, born in Spencer Co., Ky., July 13, 1816; came here Oct. 29, 1824; residence and postoffice Terre Haute, merchant.

John L. Dickerson, born in Butler Co., Ohio, (Forgets when); came to Vigo county, Oct. 7, 1839; teacher.

Chas. T. Noble, Jr., born in Terre Haute on Nov. 2, 1842; lived here always; book-keeper.

Saml. H. Jackson, born in Vigo Co., Feb. 11, 1823; farmer; postoffice, Terre Haute; residence $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles southeast of the city.

Ebenezer C. Edmunds, born June 10, 1836, in Vigo Co. (this day is the anniversary of that event); son of Sam'l Edmunds, former County Commissioner, Probate Judge and Justice of Peace; one of the early pioneers of the county; farmer; postoffice, Terre Haute.

Benjamin F. Swafford, M. D., born in Randolph Co., North Carolina (time forgotten); crossed the Wabash river Dec. 4th, 1834, lived for many years in Fayette tp., this co., at present one of our leading physicians; residence, corner of Sixth and Poplar.

Sanford S. Ripley, born in Vigo Co., Lost Creek tp., Dec. 19th, 1842; farmer; postoffice, Terre Haute.

Joseph Hearn, born in Sugar Creek tp., Vigo Co., Ind., Feb. 1, 1826; farmer.

George Grimer, Loudon Co., Va.; came to Clay Co., fall of 1841; now a resident of Terre Haute; insurance agent.

Wm. Beale, born in Jackson Co., Tenn.; came to Indiana in 1830: lives in Terre Haute; real estate agent.

Samuel Jones, born in Vigo Co., Ind; Nov. 21, 1842; son of Uncle Jesse Jones, an old timer. Samuel was several times elected trustee of his township and was a candidate for county treasurer in 1884, but was defeated. He is a good man.

Wm. R. McKeen, born in Prairie Creek tp., Vigo Co., Ind., Oct. 12th, 1829; has occupied many prominent positions in public and private enterprises; is at present President of the Vandalia System of railroad and is credited with being the most generous giver in Vigo Co.

Wm. T. Pittinger, born Ross Co., Pa., Dec. 8, 1818; raised in Frederick Co., Va.; came here in 1841; auctioneer; postoffice, Terre Haute.

Jno. W. Douglass, born in Lebanon Co., Pa., Dec. 8, 1818; raised in Frederick Co., Va.; came here in 1841; auctioneer; postoffice, Terre Haute.

Wm. G. Jencker, born in Lost Creek tp; January 7, 1836; farmer; Terre Haute.

James M. Turner, born Spencer Co., Ky, January 31, 1836; when arrived here, one year of age; father's name, Jno. W. Turner; postoffice, Terre Haute; minister of the Gospel.

Wilson Naylor, born in Adams Co., Ohio, Dec. 5, 1824; came to Indiana when three years of age. Family settled in Vermillion Co., Ind; came to Vigo in 1864. Mr. Naylor after a long and useful life of furnishing the necessities of life to the many citizens of Vermillion and Vigo Cos., is at last devoting himself to the heaviest task of any in Terre Haute - that of taking care of its Opera House. He kindly offers the use of it at this time - free of charge. Such citizens are worth having.

Charles M. Warren, born in Terre Haute (he thinks) some time in 1840; banker; Mr. Warren is the grand son of that noble old Roman, Dr. Charles Modesitt, who lived on the bluffs of the beautiful Wabash at an early period of the existence of the then village of Terre Haute; also a son of Chauncey Warren, one of the old settlers and is numerously connected and family and friendly ties with all the old folks in town.

Sam'l T. Reese, born in Vigo County, Ind., Feb. 22, 1824; lumberman.

Henry T. Rockwell, born in Tioga Co., N. Y., March 11, 1815; came to Indiana county in 1820; raised in Parke Co; lived in Vigo County since 1835; postoffice address, Terre Haute; oculist.

Perry S. Westfall, born in Parke Co., Ind., at Roseville, Dec. 18, 1834; came to this country in 1840; formerly worked on the Express under Colonel Hudson; by energy and perseverance has arisen to the position of editor of the Saturday Evening Mail, a newspaper which is found in nearly every household every Sunday morning.

John B. Tolbert, born in Terre Haute, Aug. 6, 1843 has held the office of City Clerk for two terms; is at present engaged as accountant; residence and postoffice; Terre Haute.

Chas. B. Brokaw, born in Vincennes, Ind., Sept. 20, 1830; came to Terre Haute in 1856; engaged all the time since with his brother, Geo. B. Brokaw, in the carpet business in this city.

G. Foster Smith, born in Vincennes, Dec. 27, 1824; came to Terre Haute Aug. 30, 1842; formerly one of our leading stove men; now retired.

Benj. F. Rogers, born in Nelson Co., Ky., Feb. 29, 1832; came here in 1839; settled in Sullivan Co.; came to Vigo in 1840; farmer; Terre Haute.

Wesley H. Hull, born in Sullivan Co., Ind., June 24, 1824; came to Vigo Co. in 1829; farmer; postoffice address, Terre Haute.

Robert A. Gilcrease, born in Washington Co., Ind., May 25, 1820; came to Vigo Co., Nov. 20, 1882; settled in Honey Creek tp.; farmer; postoffice address, Terre Haute.

E. Duncan Jewett, born in this country, 46 years old, merchant.

Eli B. Hamilton, 41 years old.

Charles W. Williams, 30 years old, clerk of the Terre Haute Gas Co.

John W. Smith, 58 years old, an old Mexican soldier.

Wiley Black, farmer, 53 years old.

John B. Goodman, farmer, 58 years old.

Caleb Jacson, farmer, 62 years old.

Jackson Cox, farmer, 65 years old.

Webster W. Casto, farmer, 51 years old.

Harrison Denny, farmer, 60 years old.

Mr. L. L. Denny, 50 years old.

Marion McQuilkin, farmer, 43 years old.

W. W. Watkins, farmer, 54 years old.

James Hook, born in Pennsylvania, age 70 years, in Vigo Co. 48 years, contractor.

O. J. Innis, born in Pennsylvania, came to Parke Co. in 1843, 58 years old.

Thomas Hannom, born in Pennsylvania, 67 years old, been here 47 years.

John L. Humaston, New York, 65 years old, been here 41 years.

H. D. Milns, born in England, farmer, 70 years old, been here 52 years.

George B. Boord, born in Kentucky, 82 years old, been here 63 years.

H. K. Wise, born in Pennsylvania, age 83 years, came to Vincennes in 1824, was here 60 years ago.

Isaach Beauchamp, born in Kentucky, 80 years old, came here 57 years ago.

Henry Boyll, was born in Kentucky, farmer, 60 years old, came here 57 years ago.

Abram Baum, was born in Kentucky, 71 years old, came here 53 years ago.

Philip Staub, was born in Germany, 87 years old, been in America 59 years.

John Jackson, born in Illinois, 65 years old, been here 64 years.

Stephen Hedges, born in Kentucky, 64 years old, been here 34 years.

Edward S. Hussey, born in Baltimore, 71 years old, been here 55 years.

Samuel Dodson, farmer, 67 years old, been here 41 years.

John Ray, born in Ohio, 74 years old, been here 67 years.

A. W. Sheets, born in Vincennes, 73 years old, been 65 years.

J. A. Littlejohn, born in Kentucky, 61 years old, been 46 years.

William Peppers, born in Ohio, 70 years old, been here 52 years.

Thomas A. Reed, Born in Ohio, 71 years old, been here 69 years.

James M. Sandford, born in New York, 65 years old, been here 40 years.

William H. Chadwick, born in Vermont, carpenter, 71 years old, been here 50 years.

David W. Rankin, born in Pennsylvania, 74 years old, been here 50 years.

T. C. Buntin, born in Vincennes, president of Terre Haute Savings Bank, 70 years old, been here 40 years.

Joseph O. Jones, born in New York, 71 years old, been here 69 years.

Elisha Sibley, born in New York, 71 years old, been here 69 years.

Jesse Lee Taylor, born in Virginia, 72 years old, been here 53 years.

Benjamin F. Havens, born in Indiana, 46 years old, been here 18 years.

Samuel C. Preston, born in Putnam Co., Indiana, 39 years old, been here 14 years.

John A. Hall, farmer, 74 years old, been in Indiana 55 years.

Mrs. Bishop, widow of Cyrus W. Bishop, 60 years old, been here 38 years.

Mrs. M. M. Riddle, 46 years old, been here 20 years.

Peter Malcolm, farmer, 77 years old, been here 44 years.

James W. Smith, farmer, 75 years old, been here 64 years.

H. L. Siner, farmer, 73 years old, been here 63 years.

George E. Hedges, carpenter, 56 years old, been here 45 years.

Peter Lyons, farmer, 72 years old, been here 55 years.

William Huffman, 85 years old, been here 66 years.

William Clark, barber, 65 years old, been here 56 years.

Charles C. Neff, contractor, 72 years old, been here 50 years.

Harvey Evans, farmer, 67 years old, been here 66 years.

Mrs. Alice Fischer, 40 years old, been here 25 years.

Alfred Pegg, farmer, 64 years old, been here 47 years.

Mrs. Elizabeth N. Buckingham, 69 years old, been here 45 years.

William Gray, farmer 63 years old, been here 36 years.

F. H. Spicer, tailor, 62 years old, been here 48 years.

Charles Taylor, 55 years old, been here 52 years.

Joseph Riner, carpenter, 58 years old, been here 34 years.

Griffith Gray, coal dealer, 56 years, been here 44 years.

J. E. Stockton, saddler, 63 years, been here 21 years.

Mrs. Catherine Mann, widow, been here 54 years.

Tho. Hulman, Sr., farmer, been here 45 years.

Mrs. M. P. Pounds, 78 years, been here 47 years.

David R. Rippetoe, farmer, 77 years, been here 48 years.

Mrs. Louisiana Liston, 80 years, been here 59 years.

Samuel H. Thompson, 72 years, been here 35 years.

Chas. T. Noble, 85 years, been here 62 years.

Henry Ross, 84 years, been here 61 years.

Mrs. Lucy C. Wonner, 59 years old, been here 49 years.

Mrs. Eliza Warren,

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lee, 64 years, been here 55 years.

Thomas E. Barnes, farmer, 74 years, been here 27 years.

Mrs. S. Barnes, 62 years, been 27 years.

Joseph C. Dale, born in Butler Co., Ohio, November 21, 1821, moved to Terre Haute in October 1822, engaged in the livery business when he arrived at man's estate; some years ago moved to Mattoon, Illinois. He is now engaged in farming and stock raising.

Mrs. Isaac Ball, whose maiden name was Caroline Taylor, daughter of an old pioneer, was born on Third Street, Terre Haute, March 13, 1831. She married Isaach Ball, the well-known undertaker in 1850.

Samuel Young, born in Vigo, Indiana, June 7, 1827, solicitor.

Jeremiah Beal, born in London Co., Virginia, March 5, 1807, came to Park Co., Missouri, 1829, came to Vigo in 1857, retired farmer.

Leander David, Born in Claremont Co., Ohio, May 22, 1834, came to Nevins tp. in 1836, been a resident ever since, postoffice, Cloverland, Clay Co.,

George F. Hampton, born in Fauquier Co., Virginia, February 12, 1821, came to Vigo Co., in 1855; settled in Linton tp. and pursued the business of farming for many years, is now engaged in the transportation business in Terre Haute.

John Muier, born in Ayreshire, Scotland, December 4, 1812, came to Indiana in 1841, settled in Parke Co. in 1858, residence now Parke Co.

Harry H. Copeland, born in Winchester Co., Virginia, September 2, 1822, came to Terre Haute, May 2, 1844, lived here since; tailor.

Jabez B. Hidden, born in Newark, N. J., February 10, 1817, came to Terre Haute October 1, 1840, was one of the most extensive builders in Terre Haute, many of our buildings are due to his industry.

Fred A. Ross, born in Maine, 51 years old, came here in 1846.

Mrs. Mary Donham, wife of Darius Donham, was born in Eugene, July 26, 1830, came to Vigo Co. in 1835, married Mr. Donham at 17 years od age; an old timer; went to school of basement in the Congregational Church when S. B. Goekings was teacher with John Hunly, Blackford, Condit and all those old fellows, at present fesiding Terre Haute.

Mrs. Sarah E. Lockridge, nee Winter, daughter of Stacy Winter, who brought his family here in 1837, was born in Philadelphia, March 14, 1828. She is the widow of Robert L. Lockridge, a former merchant of this city wo die~~d~~ in 1854.

Mrs. Stephen Gartrell, a daughter of William Naylor, who laid off Sibley-town, his survey being on the records as Naylor's survey; an old resident loved and honored by all who knew him, was born in Salem, Washington, Co., Indiana, August 4, 1828. Came to Terre Haute, in 1844. Her husband Steven Gartrell was one of the Gartrell family who came here in the early days and settled in Otter Creek tp. and was greatly loved and respected by all.

Harvey Carpenter, born in Otsego Co., New York, July 20, 1810, came to Indiana and settled in Terre Haute in 1840.

Jacob W. Ogle, M. D., born in Butler Co., Ohio, February 10, 1823, came to Vigo Co. April 4, 1839, settled in Prairieton tp., postoffice address Prairieton.

William D. Jones, born in Butler Co., Ohio, January 5, 1821, came to Indiana in 1828, settled in Tippecanoe Co., came to Vigo Co., in 1844. Settled in Butz tp., farmer.

Newton Rogers, born in Otter Creek tp., Vigo Co. April 30, 1834 is now a resident of Terre Haute.

James L. Davis, born in Gilford Co., North Carolina, March 2, 1826, came to Indiana in 1830; settled in Putnam Co., moved to Vigo Co. in 1839; solicitor; postoffice address, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Mrs. L. C. Manning, born in Terre Haute, 1841. She is the daughter of William and Hannah Pepper, who were at this meeting; she hesitated about being registered, trying to defer to the next decade when the old settlers would meet again, but the committee were prompt and suggestive and got here to commit herself.

Cardinal Wolsey Barbour, born in 1808 in Jefferson Co., New York, when 9 years old his father, Daniel B. and family and Dr. John Durkee and family started down Alleghany River around at Pittsburg bought flat-boats, floated down the Ohio to land on Indiana; since Daniel B. and Durkee went west to explore the country, arrived at Vincennes and heard then of Ft. Harrison, they came here and selected land in Fayette tp.; Barbour entered 2½ sections, Durkee 4 quarters sections; sent to their families and brought them out here, loaded boats to Evansville; disembarked, sold boats, got a passenger, loaded it and put her up stream to Terre Haute, loaded balance in wagons and with families came to Terre Haute. Mr. Barbour was at one time one of the leading attorneys at the Bar in Terre Haute, particularly noted for his common law pleading. Of late years he has resided on his farm across the river and has the respected confidence of his many friends. It was very gratifying to see Mr. and Mrs. Barbour both in the audience.

William D. Johnson, born in Tippecanoe Co. 1830, came here in 1839, settled in Otter Creek tp.

Charles St. John, born in Ulster Co., New York, 1825, came to Indiana in, Spring 1851, Vigo Co; married December 8, 1851 to Sarah Ogle, daughter of Jacob Ogle of Prairieton, a farmer; postoffice address, Prairieton.

Harrison Denny, born in Otter Creek tp., Vigo Co., January 11, 1825, lived there ever since.

Joseph H. Blake, born in Baltimore, Maryland, November 23, 1834, was brought here by stage with parents, and Jacob Hager in April, 1835. His father Richard Blake came here from Calvert Co., Missouri in 1832, engaged in the practice of medicine with E. V. Ball and afterwards went in business with Charles Groverman, his brother-in-law. The firm for a long time carried on the largest business on the Wabash. Blake and Groverman sold north to Lafayette and west to Shelbyville, Illinois. At that time large steam boats brought freight from New Orleans and landed cargoes safely at our wharf, time has made many changes; the river traffic is gone, so has Dr. Richard Blake, Chas. Groverman, Dr. E. V. Ball and many other good men. Mr. J. H. Blake's mother, Mrs. Francis J. Blake, now 73 years of age is living on the Blake estate, east of the city, an invalid, but happy in the love of her many children and grandchildren and kind regards of her many friends. Joseph H. Blake's father died before Mr. Blake was of age. He was then clerk in the office of the Collector of Tolls on the W & E Canal to which office he was appointed by the Board of Trustees in the fall of 1855. In the spring of 1856, he was elected City Clerk over Thomas B. Long. Since Judge of the Criminal Court by 14 majority. In 1857-58-59-60 he was re-elected City Clerk and in the fall of 1860 was elected County Clerk. In 1868 he was elected County Commissioner and built several bridges. He married a daughter of Purvis Gilbert our first County Clerk, has been practicing law since 1855 but divides his time between his duty to his farm, 3 miles east of the city, and his clients.

William F. Schaal, born in Terre Haute, December 24, 1842, on Main Street just where Tierman's millinery store now stands. His father G. F. Schaal came to this place in 1836, was in business for a long time, married in March 1842. Mrs. Schaal formerly Mrs. Woods who is still alive, keeping house on North Sixth Street, this city was born July 26, 1810 in Madison Co., Kentucky and is in good health and enjoying life with her two sons - William and Albert with their wives and children. Mrs. Schaal, the father accumulated considerable property and left his family the owner of a fine property in the city as well as of 80 acres of splendid near the Vigo County Fairgrounds. His second son, G. H. Schaal, named for George Habermeyer and Albert Lang old, old residents, though not yet 40 years of age was also born here and was honored by being chairman of the Democratic Central committee for Vigo Co. at the last election which resulted so happily in the success of his (the Democratic party) .

Albert M. Buckingham was born in June 26, 1821 southeast corner of Fifth and Eagle Street, Terre Haute; son of Henry Buckingham who with his wife moved her from Wheeling, Virginia in 1836. Mr. Henry Buckingham will be remember by all the old residents as a cabinet and furniture dealer. Albert M. Buckingham has held several important positions on the police force of our city. Mr. Elizabeth M. Buckingham, mother of Albert, is still living and has the love and respect of all, new as well as old friends.

Isaac Ball, born in Elizabethtown, Aug. 29, 1826; came here in 1842. He is now for a recreation engaged in the burying business and has the respect and confidence of the community.

Mrs. Rich. Hebb, formerly Harriet Cochran, relict of Rich. Hebb (who came here in 1835 from Maryland; served well and faithfully and died here) was born in Fayette Co., Penn., Nov. 27, 1822; came here in 1838; married to Mr. Hebb in 1841; now lives in the city.

Mrs. Derexa Barbour, formerly Whitcomb; born in Trebele Co., Ohio, May 1, 1820; came to Clinton in 1827; married to Hon. C. W. Barbour in 1840. Residence in Fayette tp., in sight of town across the Wabash.

Wm. Paddock, born in Clarke county, Ohio, near 1818; came to Vigo and settled in Prairie Creek township, in October, 1818, formerly auditor of Vigo county; now engaged in milling.

Lemuel Surrell born in Queen Anns County, Md., October 16, 1816; moved to Terre Haute in 1837. Mr. S. is an old timer. He helped to tread the weeds on the Wabash.

Uncle Charley Noble

Mr. C. T. Noble told of his arrival here in 1823, and spoke of James and Harry Ross, who came here in 1825 as the only two who could equal him in continuous residence in Terre Haute. He was a school teacher when young, and C. W. Barbour, another old settler, was one of his pupils. The first Sunday school in the county was started by two sisters of John F. Cruft, they coming here in 1829 or 1830.

Mr. Noble said that he and Samuel Hedges who later moved to Quincy were teachers in this Sunday school. In 1829 Mr. Noble took a census of Terre Haute, and found there were eighty-three families and 558 inhabitants. In 1835 a man named Chase bet Henry Rose \$10 that Terre Haute had 1,500 inhabitants. Mr. Noble took the census for them and found that it had 183 families and exactly 1200 inhabitants.

Mr. Noble praised the methods of teaching in his day, and very much preferred the church singing then to the machine music made by a \$3,000 organ. In mentioning old families in the neighborhood, Mr. Noble spoke of the Tuttles, Markles, Mitchells, Joneses, Brothers, Jenckes, Brown, Turner, Bentley, Winters, Isaac C. Elston, Ethan Pollock, Wm. C. Linton and the Ross Brothers, who established a brick yard in 1834 on ground now owned by Mrs. Clippenger near the Poor fram. The first brick house in Terre Haute was built by Jno. Britton from home-made brick on the spot now occupied by Nichols' grocery on First street. It was very small.

There were only two praying men in Terre Haute then, said Mr. Noble. They were Thos. Parsons, father of Prof. Parsons of the Normal, and Jno. F. Cruft.

At the conslusion of Mr. Noble's remarks, Mr. Jos. Blake moved that Mr. Noble be requested to furnish the secretary with a copy of each census taken by him. Mr. Noble consented to do so.

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EARLY DAYS ON THE FORT HARRISON PRAIRIE.

by

ALBERT A. ORTH.

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Fort Harrison Prairie, at the time when Vigo County was in its infancy, included the greater part of the Northern Section of Harrison Township. Stretching from the north limits of the city or town of Terre Haute, it reached north to near the present site of North Terre Haute. East and west it reached from the Wabash River to the low hills which form the Eastern boundary of the valley of the Wabash River. The old fort on the Wabash River near the foot of Fort Harrison Road was of course the center of the region round about and it was from the township and fort that this region derived its name.

Tradition has it that the present Fort Harrison Road was established, as many other highways have been, on the route of animal and Indian trails. Probably the destination of the trail, for the animals was the old deer lick at the northwest corner of the Fort Harrison Road and Twenty-fifth Street, where deer were known to have come for the salt which could be obtained there.

An atlas of Vigo County published in Chicago, in 1874, lists some of the early settlers on the Prairie as being Joseph Richardson, Truman Blackman, Robert Graham, Caleb Crawford, and Corey Barber. The first settlers probably arrived about 1816 and 1817. Corey Barber who owned property on both sides of Lafayette Avenue for some distance north from Maple Avenue is said to have arrived here in 1817 from Jefferson County, Kentucky. Jane Wedding who located here in 1816 came from Orange County, New

York. James Perkins came here from Rutland, Vermont in 1818. He took land for his farm on the north side of Fort Harrison Road, west of the Lafayette Road. He helped survey the Fort Harrison Road. At this time the old fort was still standing although the Indians were fairly well pacified by this time. A man named Isaac Lambert was also one of the early settlers in the eastern part of the Prairie, living on what is yet known as the Rogers place, east of Fruitridge Avenue, and between Maple Avenue and Forte Harrison Road.

Major De Weis was another early settler, living near the present site of the Vigo County Poor Farm. The story is told that a man named Horace who worked for De Weis, on hearing the prairie chickens drumming in the nearby woods, would say that they said, "Work for old De Weis?". When Horace related this to the Major however he substituted the proper title in place of the worl "old". Wild game abounded, deer, squirrels and prairie chicken being plentiful. It is told on supposedly good authority that one fall there was a great migration of squirrels from the bluffs to the woodland along the river. For fishing, there was Goff Pond, near the old fort.

Even when settlers had begun to come into the region there was still an Indian camp near the Poor Farm. Although the Indian Wars were largely a thing of the past by 1818, the people went to the fort whenever the Indians came through the country.

At the present northwest corner of Hawthorne Avenue and the Lafayette Road stood for many years the Watton

Cottage. This served as an inn for travelers of those days and was one of the landmarks of the times. Past this inn, leading from an Indian camp near the Union Church Cemetery, north of North Terre Haute, a trail led to Terre Haute.

The first school in these days was located on the east side of Road 41 about halfway between Hawthorne Avenue and North Terre Haute. Later a school was erected on the northeast corner of Fort Harrison Road and Thirteenth Street. This was a small frame building. Another early school was the Rogers School on Fruitridge Avenue between Fort Harrison and Maple Avenue.

The nearest real church buildings were in Terre Haute although it was common for meetings to be held in the various school houses.

The Markle Mill on Otter Creek was the only industry of any kind in the immediate vicinity at the time outside of Terre Haute.

To persons of this day accustomed to thinking of Terre Haute as extending over two miles north from Wabash Avenue, it would have seemed strange to have found farm lands with only a few houses reaching nearly to what is now the main business section of Terre Haute. The main roads were little more than trails and people lived comparatively simple lives, some of them probably never suspecting the growth that was to come.

The early pioneer's clothing was home-made; his hunting shirt, breeches and leggins were made of buckskin and his moccasins were of the same material or of heavier buffalo hide. Buckskin was chosen because it resisted nettles, briars and the bites of rattle snakes, as well as being warm. For outside clothing he wore a connskin cap and a buffalo overcoat. As soon as the pioneers had a flock of sheep they had woolen clothing as well.

Some cotton was grown in Terre Haute near the site of the old poor farm. There was a cotton gin on the Jackson farm two miles north of the fair grounds. The farmers' wives spun the cotton on their spinning wheels and wove it on their looms; the women wove almost all the garments worn by the household. They wore linsey-woolsey, the warp of flax and the woof of wool for winter garments and tow linen for summer. They spun wool and cotton yarn for stockings.

Common articles of merchandise at the stores were indigo madder and copperas; these account for the blue and butternut jeans so common in the early days. Some of the women used dye they made themselves from the hulls of walnuts.

The women wore shawls of their own weaving, thick quilted hoods in winter and sunbonnets in summer and all wore mittens. In a private letter, a young lady traveling in a canal boat on the Wabash says: "All the women wore red calico dresses and pink sunbonnets". Calico was sold at all the village stores at twenty five cents a yard.

The shoemaker's shop was a representative of one of the chief industries of the town but before the shoemaker there must be the leather maker or tanner. Hides and pelts were abundant and the oak trees in the forests furnished the tannin. Shoes were heavy and coarse but there were doubtless skilled craftsmen who could make delicate slippers and boots of the latest style.

Shoes must have been expensive because the children went bare-foot to school even in the winter and older people, to save their shoes, would walk to church in their bare feet and put their shoes and stockings on when in sight of the church. Boots were tallowed or greased to resist the water and were so heavy that a boot-jack had to be used to pull them off.

The swallow-tailed coat, tall-crowned beaver hat, black silk stock and black handkerchief folded into a scarf or cravat and tied in a bow were what the stylish well-to-do man wore in the early days. The tall beaver hats were made by hand by hatters; several hat shops were opened very early in the history of the town. In these tall hats, letters, papers and handkerchiefs were carried.

Food

When the settler had his land cleared, he planted corn and a vegetable garden. While he was waiting for the crops to mature, deer, wild turkey, bear, squirrel and other game that he killed, with the wild fruits that were abundant, were the pioneer fare. Wild plums, crabapples, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, paw-paws (Indian banana) and persimmons were plentiful and in the way of nuts, there were walnuts, butternuts, pecan, hazel and hickory nuts. When the grain or meal which they had brought with them was used, they substituted for bread, ash cakes made of roasted acorns pounded into a meal.

Later they started orchards and brought cattle and swine from the older settlements and these contributed greatly to their comfort. The food was simple as the rest of his living but his vigorous exercise gave the frontiersman a prodigious appetite. Corn pone, johnnycake, hominy, succotash, roasting ears, beans, pork and venison were universal articles of diet. Tea, coffee, and wheaten bread were the luxuries. Sassafras and spicewood tea were substituted but they had the best of syrup and sugar from the maple trees in the forest. The women cured the meat and churned the butter when they had cows.

Cooking

Most of the cooking was done in an iron kettle hung from the crane in the fire place, while the baking was done in a covered skillet called a spider. This was heated by coals piled under and over it.

Potatoes and corn were "roasted in their jackets" in the hot ashes.

When the family became prosperous, they would have a dutch oven built of bricks or clay and boulders. These were long and mound-like affairs. Fire was built in them and when they were thoroughly heated, the fire was scraped out, the space was cleaned and the things to be baked were then put inside. There were few stoves before 1825 or 1830.

Corn for bread was crushed between stones and dried and grated to make corn meal by the housewives, until a grist mill was built. After the mill was built, people would ride from ten to thirty miles to take their grain. The grain was brought, on horseback, in bags and the boys and men sometimes had to wait for days for their grist. They visited, played games and told stories until their turn came.

An extract from Riley's "An Old Settler's Story" says: "Millers in them times wa^s wanted worse 'n congressmen and reckon got better wages".

The first mill in this region, known as Markle's Mill, on Otter Creek, and the Rose mill at Roseville were built by Joshua Olds, who came to Terre Haute in 1816.

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Hilda Bledsoe

INDIANA ROOM

Ind. & Pioneer Life 2

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Community Affairs File

PIONEER INDIANA, 1816-1836

by

MARY R. PHILLIPS

CP 3

PIONEER INDIANA, 1816-1836

There were three classes of pioneers. First came the hunters and trappers, who had neither families nor homes and lived in temporary camps wherever there was plenty of game.

Next came the "squatters" who were the hunters and trappers with their families. They sought out suitable places beside springs of cool water and there built temporary cabins. The wives and children planted garden truck and corn in the clearings. If everything remained pleasant they would buy the land and become permanent settlers; but most probably after two or three years, when game began to get scarce and wild, they gathered up their few belongings and moved out on the frontier again.

History has no permanent record of these advance guards. For this reason almost every community in Indiana has a never-ending dispute as to when it was first settled and who its first settlers were. Tradition correctly points to the hunter and squatter.

Finally the records at the courthouse name the third class- the men who bought land and made homes, the permanent settlers.

The period from 1816 to 1836 has been taken as the pioneer time of Indiana. It was a period of preparation; everything was temporary- temporary cabins, temporary barns, if any at all, temporary fences, fields full of stumps and dead trees, temporary churches, temporary schools, temporary government, preachers, teachers, lawyers and physicians. There was not time, until they got settled in their new homes, to go at anything systematically. The wild, free, open air life of the pioneer has its attractions for us even yet. The following is intended to give some pictures of this life: In 1817 there was not a railroad in the United States, nor a canal west of the Alleghany Mountains. The telegraph had not been discovered, fire was struck by the flint and steel, the falling spark was caught in "punk", taken from the knots of the hickory tree. There was not a foot of turnpike road in the state and plank

roads had never been heard of. Not a bridge in the state, all traveling done on horseback, the husband mounted in the saddle, with one to three of the youngest children in his arms, the wife with a spread cover reaching to the tail of the horse, seated behind with the balance of the children who were unable to walk, in her lap.

The first settlers were intelligent and worthy pioneers, who came with wife, children and household stores down the Ohio and up the Wabash in flat-boats or by horseback and wagons across country, blazing the trail. Often the forests were so dense that roads for the travelers had to be hewed out as they went. They selected homesteads along the river wherever there was a sightly spot that could be reached by water transportation.

Desirable qualifications of a settler were muscular strength and a homely hospitality. Women were as courageous and as zealous as the men.

On arriving at the new farm, an axewas put into the boy's hand and he was set to work to aid in clearing a field for corn and to help build the cabin. The cabin of the earlier period was rough and crude, the logs often put out leaves and the cabin sometimes presented the appearance of a green bower. After the logs had been cut the settler and his friends dragged them together and put them into a clumsy box-like one room structure. The usual height was seven or eight feet. The gables were formed by shortening the logs gradually at each end of the building as the top was approached. A roof was made by laying stout poles a suitable distance apart generally two and a half feet from gable to gable. On these poles the clapboards were laid, which were held in place by weight poles and wooden pegs. a hole of the proper size for a door was cut in the side, and often the shutter was a bear-skin. The floor of the hut was easily constructed, it was nothing more than mother earth. Fireplace and chimney were built on the outside at the end of the cabin. An opening of the proper width was cut through three or four logs, then a three sided crib was lined with layer upon layer of mud to make it solid and to prevent any danger of fire.

Bedstead, or rather bed frame, was made of poles held up by two outer poles, and the ends made firm by inserting the poles in augur holes that had been bored in a log which was a part of the wall of the cabin; thongs or strings were strung across and skins were its chief coverings.

If the house of the pioneer was rough and crude, its furniture was in keeping with it. Everything was home made direct from the forest. In this crude shelter the early settler, his wife and children, lived and laid the foundation for a great estate.

After the settlers had become established, more commodious homes were built. Trees of uniform size were selected, cut into logs of the desired length, usually twelve to fifteen feet and hauled to the chosen spot. On the day appointed the available neighbors assembled for the "house raising", when fun and pleasure were mingled with the hard labor; in fact such occasions were usually regarded as holidays.

Each log was saddled and notched so that it would fit down as closely as possible. The foundation logs were carefully placed in a level position and upon them the floor was laid. The dwelling was made of logs, laid up in the bark, and the roof made of clapboards. These clapboards, well laid, made better protection against the rain and snow than the common shingles. The clapboards were riven from oak blocks with the frow and shaven smooth on the upper side with a drawing-knife. The floors were made of puncheons—large slabs of hard wood, three feet wide and three or four inches thick, with a length of five or six feet; these were split from blocks of the proper length and smoothed on the upper side with the adz. These puncheon floors did not rest on the ground, but on pieces of timber called stringers or sleepers, which were squared, leveled on the upper side and joined into the lower logs of the house a little above the surface. The doors and windows were fitted more neatly than one would now suppose it could be done with such materials. The cracks between the logs and around the frames of the different openings were chinked, that is filled with small pieces of

of wood fastened with wedges and then carefully plastered with clay until the crevices were closed.

While the cabin was being erected, openings for the windows and doors were sawed in the walls. Slabs fastened to the ends of these logs by wooden pins served as frames for the openings. At a later period glass was sometimes used for the windows, but the usual material was greased paper, greased deer-skin was sometimes used.

The door, made of thick rived boards of the proper length, across which heavy battens were pinned, was hung on great wooden hinges; sometimes it was made of clapboards pinned to two or three wooden bars. A heavy wooden latch was attached to the door and this latch could be raised from the outside by the proverbial latchstring, which passed through a hole and hung on the outside. At night the string was drawn in for security, but for neighbors and friends the latchstring was always on the outside. No people on earth were more generous, free hearted, and hospitable than the early pioneers and their hospitality and good cheer had with it a flavor that cannot be copied.

The chimney and fireplace were prominent features and were of large dimensions. They were formed either by leaving a place in the wall or by cutting an opening after the walls were in position. From this opening a three-sided enclosure of small split logs was built outward. Inside this enclosure was a similar temporary one, built with a space of twelve or fifteen inches between the two sets of walls, and into this space moist clay was firmly pounded and left to dry. When the false wall was removed or burned away, the clay formed the protecting back for the fireplace, extending four or five feet up. Upon and above this was built the chimney either of stones or sticks. Rived sticks heavily plastered with mud were the usual materials. The chimney was gradually tapered to the proper size for securing a good draft and then built up until it was higher than the roof. It was so made as to draw all the

smoke upward and yet allow the heat to be thrown forward into the room. It was not every one who could make a good cat-and-clay chimney, so called for the reason that in the first settlements of the country, the down or fuzz of the cat-tail flag was used in mixing clay mortar with which it was plastered, both inside and out.

The hearth and bottom of the fireplace were made by filling in the triangular crib with wet clay to the level of the cabin floor. This was pounded with a maul until hard and firm, then wet with water and scraped with a wooden scraper. A man might enter the fireplace with slight stooping. The front of the fireplace was six to ten feet wide, the back six feet. The forestick and backlog of the winter fire were of corresponding size and length. Sometimes the backlog was as large as a sawlog. There was a reason for this for the more quickly the pioneer could burn up the wood on his land, the more quickly he could have it cleared and ready for cultivation.

Most cabins contained a loft or attic story which was reached by a ladder at the corner. This cubby-hole furnished the sleeping chamber for the boys of the family.

The kitchen, a lean-to on the back of the house, was floored and roofed like the cabin, but the story was lower. The kitchen hearth and chimney were large and wide. The bright tin reflector for baking, the spit for roasting, the swinging iron crane could be turned freely, the long arm carrying the pots and kettles out over the hearth when desired. The spider and the dutch oven, a baking pot or covered skillet heated by surrounding it with live coals, these constituted the furniture of the kitchen.

Most of the dishes were pewter; spoons were of iron, the knives and forks horn handled. Long handled gourds were used for dippers and drinking cups.

Most of the pioneers had just a handful of household goods, just the bare

necessities. Some few of the well-to-do families moved all their furniture, bedsteads, bureaus, hickory chairs with cane seats, tables etc.

In one corner of the room stood the large bed for the old folks with a trundle-bed under it for the children. The great feather bed was the pride of the householder's heart. The feather tick and sheets were made from home spun linen; a coverlid or counterpane was used on top of the bed. At one side of the room was the spinning wheel or loom, sometimes both. For a clothes and hat rack many a house had the antlers of a buck killed by the settler. There were other articles that would cause the twentieth century citizen to wonder at their use.

The mortar and pestle, the grater for making cornmeal, the sieve of deer-skin punched full of holes, the iron kettle for rendering lard in winter and for boiling maple sap in spring, the ash barrel through which percolated the water to come out as lye for making soap or to steep the corn for lye hominy- all these homely domestic articles could be seen at any of the homes on Vigo County prairies.

There were of course the threshing floors in the barn or in the open, where men beat out the grain with flails or horses walked round and round in a circle, treading the seed from the straw.

Familiar articles about every home were the ash barrel and soap kettle. The wood ash was carefully collected and preserved, was leached out in the ash hopper, and then in the spring the housewife started the fire under the kettle and in the lye boiled the jowls and other waste parts of the hogs that had been slaughtered the previous winter, until the grease and alkali were combined into soap.

The "soap grease" for this manufacture was brought out from the smoke house, which was also an essential feature of every home. The smoke house, the apple and potato cave, the spring house or well house remain of vivid memory in the minds of all who lived any part of the old times.

To the early settler the rifle, with a flint lock, for percus-

sion caps did not come into general use until after the Mexican war, was perhaps the most indispensable weapon; with it they procured their meat from the forest, defended their homes from wild men and wild animals and preserved their live stock from prowling enemies. To be a sure shot was a matter of no small importance. The pioneer hunter kept his guns in perfect order and ready for use at any moment. When in the cabins, the guns were hung in a crotch over the door, or on the side of a joist with the point of a deer's horn for a rack.

Double log cabins were frequently built in older and more prosperous communities. A house of two or more rooms was considered particularly fine. A few log cabins and more often the early taverns were built two stories high, but this was not usual.

The first cabins were constructed entirely without the use of nails or any scrap of iron, but after the first years glass, nails and other imported materials, were commonly used and with the establishment of sawmills, sawed boards took the place of hewed logs. These later cabins, in comparison with the earlier ones, presented a very neat appearance with their smooth, even walls daubed with mortar and their floors, frames and furnishings of yellow poplar. Various woods were used, sugar-tree, maple, beech, ash, poplar, walnut and hickory.

Mary Phillips

Source

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Stores of Indiana---Thompson

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INDIANA ROOM

EARLY PIONEERS- Manners & Customs

REFERENCE

Dress

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The early pioneer's clothing was home-made; his hunting shirt, breeches and leggins were made of buckskin and his moccasins were of the same material or of heavier buffalo hide. Buckskin was chosen because it resisted nettles, briars and the bites of rattle snakes, as well as being warm. For outside clothing he wore a coon-skin cap and a buffalo overcoat. As soon as the pioneers had a flock of sheep they had woolen clothing as well.

Some cotton was grown in Terre Haute near the site of the old poor farm. There was a cotton gin on the Jackson farm two miles north of the fair grounds. The farmers' wives spun the cotton on their spinning wheels and wove it on their looms; the women wove almost all the garments worn by the household. They wore linsey-woolsey, the warp of flax and the woof of wool for winter garments and tow linen for summer. They spun wool and cotton yarn for stockings.

Common articles of merchandise at the stores were indigo madder and copperas; these account for the blue and butternut jeans so common in the early days. Some of the women used dye they made themselves from the hulls of walnuts.

The women wore shawls of their own weaving, thick quilted hoods in winter and sunbonnets in summer and all wore mittens. In a private letter, a young lady travelling in a canal boat on the Wabash says: "All the women wore red calico dresses and pink sunbonnets". Calico was sold at all the village stores at twenty five cents a yard.

The shoemaker's shop was a representative of one of the chief industries of the town but before the shoemaker

there must be the leather maker or tanner. Hides and pelts were abundant and the oak trees in the forest furnished the tannin. Shoes were heavy and coarse but there were doubtless skilled craftsmen who could make delicate slippers and boots of the latest style.

Shoes must have been expensive because the children went bare-foot to school even in the winter and older people, to save their shoes, would walk to church in their bare feet and put their shoes and stockings on when in sight of the church. Boots were tallowed or freased to resist the water and were so heavy that a boot-jack had to be used to pull them off.

The swallow-tailed coat, tall-crowned beaver hat, black silk stock and black handkerchief folded into a scarf or cravat and tied in a bow were what the stylish well-to-do man wore in the early days. The tall beaver hats were made by hand by hatters; several hat shops were opened very early in the history of the town. In these tall hats, letters, papers and handkerchiefs were carried.

FOOD

When the settler had his land cleared, he planted corn and a vegetable garden. While he was waiting for the crops to mature, deer, wild turkey, bear, squirrel and other game that he killed, with the wild fruits that were abundant, were the pioneer fare. Wild plums, crabapples, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, paw-paws (Indian banana) and persimmons were plentiful and in the way of nuts, there were walnuts, butternuts, pecan, hazel and hickory nuts. When the grain or meal which they had brought with them was used, they substituted for bread, ash cakes made of roasted acorns pounded into a meal.

Later they started orchards and brought cattle

and swine from the older settlements and these contributed greatly to their comfort. The food was simple as the rest of his living but his vigorous exercise gave the frontiersman a prodigious appetite. Corn pone, johnnycake, hominy, succotash, roasting ears, beans, pork and venison were universal articles of diet. Tea, coffee, and wheaten bread were the luxuries. Sassafras and spicewood tea were substituted but they had the best of syrup and sugar from the maple trees in the forest. The women cured the meat and churned the butter when they had cows.

COOKING

Most of the cooking was done in an iron kettle hung from the crane in the fire place, while the baking was done in a covered skillet, called a spider. This was heated by coals piled under and over it. Potatoes and corn were "roasted in their jackets" in the hot ashes.

When the family became prosperous, they would have a dutch oven built of bricks or clay and boulders. These were long and mound-like affairs. Fire was built in them and when they were thoroughly heated, the fire was scraped out, the space was cleaned and the things to be baked were then put inside. There were few stoves before 1825 or 1830.

Corn for bread was crushed between stones and dried and grated to make corn meal by the housewives, until a grist mill was built. After the mill was built, people would ride from ten to thirty miles to take their grain. The grain was brought, on horseback, in bags and the boys and men sometimes had to wait for days for their grist. They visited, played games and told stories until their turn came.

An extract from Riley's "An Old Settler's Story says: "Millers in them times was wanted worse'n congressmen and reckon got better wages".

The first mill in this region, known as Markle's Mill, on Otter Creek, and the Rose Mill ~~inxthisregion~~ were built by Joshua Olds, who came to Terre Haute in 1816.

The first store was opened in 1818 by Lucius Scott and the first packing house built by B.I. Gilman, a pork merchant from Cincinnati, Ohio. There were many other pioneer merchants who were engaged in shipping the produce of the country to New Orleans but the prosperity of Terre Haute as a village was largely due to the pork trade. In 1825 pork was worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per one hundred lbs; corn ten cents a bushel; potatoes 12 1/2 cts; turnips the same; sweet potatoes 25 cents; wheat 37 1/2 and all other products of the soil in proportional prices.

The pioneer had now become a farmer. There was little money in circulation and trading was the common thing; groceries, dry goods and even subscriptions to newspapers were paid for in the produce of the farm. Powder, shot and salt were the articles for sale for cash only.

Hilda Bledsoe

INDIANA ROOM

LOG CABIN CONSTRUCTION

Rocks were used for corner stones on which they built up with beech logs, scalped a little on two sides and notched down at the corners. Round poles made the joists and rafters, and clap-boards, split boards about four feet long, for the roof and ceiling. The boards on the roof were held in place by poles, and the boards were laid loose on the joists. The cracks were "dotted" with clay which, after drying, would crack and sometimes pieces would be knocked out, and here we see the origin of the phrase "knocking the dobbin" out of any one. The floors were made of puncheons, split slabs with the edges trimmed to fit together. The chimney was made of split sticks covered with clay, and the hearth and back wall of clay. The stairway was a ladder. The doors were made of split boards with wooden hinges and latch, having a string to it, and passed to the outside and by pulling the string inside, your door was fastened from the outside. Here we see the origin of the expression of hospitality by saying "the latch string will be out."

A few holes were bored and wooden pegs driven in for wardrobe hooks.

REFERENCE
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MORE FIRST SETTLERS

Some more of the first settlers in Terre Haute and in the vicinity of Fort Harrison, were, Isaac Graham, Joseph Liston, Isaac Teverbaugh, John Rector, Thomas Pucket and Peter Allen, *Caleb Bradford*. These all settled here previous to 1818. Curtis Gilbert was the first county clerk and recorder. Peter Allen had been a general in the war of 1812. Isaac Lambert built a log cabin on what is now known as the Rogers place. John Dickson built about five miles further south. Joseph Liston plowed the first furrow and raised the first crop (seventy-five acres of corn) near Fort Harrison in 1811.

Thomas Pucket was noted as a great driver of stock, and once drove a bear with a hoop-pole all the way from Eel river to Fort Harrison prairie where he shot him, after having completely worn him out.

The following partial list of old settlers in Terre Haute prior to 1823 are George Hussey, John F.Cruft, Col.Thomas H.Blake, James Hanna, Charles Thompson, Josephus and Stephen Collett, Macomb McFadden, James Farrington, Ebenezer Paddock, Lucius H.Scott, Joseph MillerRussell, James and Henry Ross, John W.Osborne, John Campbell, Solomon Wright, Demas Deming, Some who came a little later but during first decade are the Messrs Warren, the Messrs Early, James B.McCall, John Scott, Israel Harris, James Riddle, and Drs.Shuler, Clark, Ball, and Patrick.

Morris Littlejohn, of Pierson township, was the grandfather of G.W.Carrico of Terre Haute, and he reached the age of 103 years.

William Earle, first male child born in the county was born in Terre Haute, September 22, 1818, at which time there were about fifty buildings in Terre Haute. Captain William Earle was born in story and half house, half hewed logs and half frame, corner Water and Poplar streets.

The first female white child born in Terre Haute was Mary McFadden and she married Napoleon B.Markle, who was born at Otter Creek Mills June 1, 1819. His father Abraham Markle built the first mills in the county on Otter Creek. In a steel safe at Markles mill are ~~many~~ two books of records of accounts of the business of the mills. The first account was December 4, 1818. The mill building was of frame, built by Abraham Markle, who departed life March 26, 1826, aged fifty-five years, five months, he dying ten years after the settlement of Terre Haute and only a few years after the famous battle of Tippecanoe in which Harrison quelled the indians and

made Indiana comparatively safe for settlers so far as savages were concerned.

The old mills are situated on a high bank overlooking the broad, rather shallow stream known as Otter Creek, a long dam extends across the creek and holds the water back in a huge basin or "head" some two hundred feet across.

The creek when swollen with the freshet of melted snow and ice and first warm rains of spring churns itself into a white froth as the boiling, roaring current dashes over the wall to the quiet pool some ten feet below- a beautiful sight, a worthy tribute to the builders. When I saw it in these later years (in 1864) I could recall the wooden structure which had been changed this year into a sturdier wall of concrete construction, partly new building, which I traced to its junction with the older portion of the mill-building proper; a point adjacent to the tunnel that marked the "spilling" or mill race.

This was made of huge square stones, and stood strong and sturdy, although it was covered with the moss and algae of many years.

August[✓] R. Markle, still living in the year of 1930, in Terre Haute is a great grand-son of Major Abraham Markle, original builder of Markle Mills. Major Abraham Markle was a member of the Canadian parliament before he emigrated to the United States to fight for it in the war of 1812.

FIRST TERRE HAUTE SCHOOL HOUSE

The first school house was built on the north-east corner of the south-west quarter of section L. township 12, range 9, in 1819. C.B. Canfield was the teacher.

These school houses were pityfully bare usually equipped with one splint bottomed chair for the teacher, a rude bench for the

children to sit upon. A broom, water-bucket and tin cup or gourd completed the equipment, while one of the benches was used for a writing table. Crude as these primitive school cabins were, unpolished as their influence might have been, they formed a substantial, permanent basis, for what has come to be a model rural school system, one of the best, if not the most superior in the central west.

The children of those days were fortunate indeed to attend these schools for a few months in the year, generally in winter, when they could best be spared.

Few men had shoes and the women, girls and boys went bare foot and the feet of the children became so calloused and hardened that they could stand cold and numbness unbearable to the boy athlete of today. They would run to school, stopping occasionally to place their feet on an almost burning board or much heated flat rock they carried.

The teacher made the rounds, boarding with first one family, then with another and often had to take their teachers pay in agricultural products.

PHYSICIANS

Dr. Charles B. Modesitt was the first doctor in 1816, Dr. William C. Clarke and Dr. Isaac Aspinwall about the same time, Dr. Shuler, eminent physician and surgeon came soon after. Dr. Ball came in 1822, studied under Dr. Shuler and practised till his death in 1873.

PIONEER MAKESHIFTS

Mail

Postage rates was according to distance, letters limited to half an ounce, and to but one or two sheets of paper. Long

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seperated it into long and short fiber. The skin that wore the clothing needed pity.

FIRE

Before matches came into use fire was kept going by covering with ashes, but if it failed to keep they would borrow fire or use flint and steel. Some kept a log heap or stump burning.

MACHINERY

Instead of barshear plows they used the jumping shovel. For reapers, mowing machines and self-binders, they used the sickle, cradle and scythe. for threshing machines, they spread the wheat out on the barn floor, or a smooth level place on the ground, and had horses to go round over it till the grain was tramped out or they beat the grain out with a "flail". The grain was then run through a fan mill to seperate from the chaff, and, having no fan mill, would flop a sheet up and down to blow the chaff away.

BROOMS

Brooms were made by stripping the tough splints from the end up apiece on the body of a hickory bush of proper size and length, then from higher up the splints were pulled down over the lower ones and tied and the balance of the stick was shaved down to proper size for the handle.

LIGHT

Moulded tallow candles, the wicks of which would have to be snuffed off occasionally or they would give but little light, and candle snuffers were staple articles. Some would dip the wick repeatedly into melted tallow till they had an irregular and unsightly candle called schluts or tallow dips. Not having tallow

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distance rate twenty-five cents and you could prepay or not, as you preferred.

PENMANSHIP

Goose quill pens used, three cents a dozen. Boiled maple bark and small lump of copperas made a jet black ink.

Inkstands were made of two or three pieces of cork fastened together with wooden pegs, a glass receptacle inside.

TEMPORARY EXPEDIENT FOR GRIST MILL

Two feet of beech log set on end, live coals of fire placed in center of top, and fire kept burning till a round cavity was burned out, watching to see it was not burning too near the edges, then charred part was dug out. For pestle or "hominy beater" they split a stick, put flat part of an iron wedge in opening and lashed it tightly together.

HOME-MADE CLOTHING

Wool from sheeps back was washed, picked, carded, spun, colored and wove up into cloth. Flax was also used.

Buttons of pewter were cast in moulds having a little wooden peg sticking in a certain place to make the eye. If they did not want to melt their pewter plate they used lead instead. Some buttons were made of ground shells, cut round and covered with cloth.

Women knit stockings and socks. They made their straw hats and took their winter lambs wool to a man who made them up into winter hats, on the shares. For shoes tanned hides were made up on shares also.

Flax was made into tow-linen for pants and shirts and some spun into twine. Flax was rotted, then kiln dried, then scutched to knock the "shoves" out, next pulled through the hackel which

an iron lamp or a saucer holding grease had a twisted rag in for a wick.

LANTERNS

First lanterns were of tin, perforated with small holes, door on one side and a small tin tube inside for candle. Next the four sides were of glass, held together at corners by strips of tin. Then came lard oil and glass flue and lastly the kerosene article now in use.

COOKING UTENSILS

Women cooked by fire place, the four main cooking utensils were of cast iron; A teakettle, skillet with lid, bake oven with lid and a stew kettle. Later on the frying pan with long handle was used and still later swining iron cranes were used over the fire place with different length hooks to suspend kettles and pots on.

USEFUL LITTLE THINGS

Combs were made of cows horns.

Gourds fashioned into dippers and drinking cups.

Cooperage iron bound buckets were used.

For pumps they had the "well sweep" with windlass with a crank to turn rope to lower or raise bucket.

CLOCKS

A "Noon-mark" was cut in the floor at the south door to indicate dinner time and if sun was not shining they'd guess the time.

ROPE MAKING

Before they had flax raised they made ropes of the outer bark or fiber of nettles, some one having a rope twisting machine which served for the whole neighborhood and on which later they made their ropes of flax or tow. There was some art in the process, and the uninitiated had to be shown. The rope maker was a "twister", and

When a twister a twisting, would twist him a twist,
For by twisting of his twine, he three twines doth entwist,
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

SUGAR MAKING

They made their maple sugar and molasses and when out of maple molasses would boil pumpkin juice to a molasses. Would invite neighboring camp people to come and eat wax and children would make wooden spoons for the wax, the eating of which gave one an appetite for something salty.

COFFEE

Those who had no coffee nills would put coffee in a rag and pound on a flat-iron and if out of coffee would brown corn-bread crusts on live coals, or as a substitute brown wheat, if they had it.

HEALTH

If the pioneers had microbes they did not know it. They had no tuberculosis, it was only consumption; had no hosiery, only stockings and socks; no churches, only meeting houses, no restaurants, only eating house and no violins, only fiddles. For cathartics they boiled white walnut bark and pills.

Tinkers, clock repaiers and peddlers were awaited in

those days for the news they brought of other settlers, the relief they gave in their business capacity and messages they were able to send by these itinerant visitors.

EARLY TRAILS AND TRACES

Long before the white or red man had his home in Indiana, the wild buffaloes in great herds, on their way from the prairies of Illinois to the salt licks and bluegrass regions of Kentucky, all unconsciously began the process of making roads for us through the southwestern parts of the state. The road they made was the "Buffalo Trace." Thousands of buffaloes crossed and re-crossed the Wabash river in a year and the buffalo took his bath in marshy places, plunging his horns, then his head into the wet earth and in half an hour excavating a hole twelve feet across, into which the water at once filled, then hundreds in turn, would then plunge into the mud to cool themselves, thus making a trace from the mouth of the White river to the falls of the Ohio and later became the road over which the early settlers traveled into the state. This trace is the connecting link between the Indian trails and the first roads or traces made by the white man and so the presence of the buffalo on the state seal of Indiana belongs there by right of history and of service.

After the "Buffalo Trace" had long been old the Indians made their trails by marching single file, each stepping exactly in the footsteps of the one just before him. In time these paths were worn down till knee deep and the white man knew them as Indian trails.

As in early days the only way for pioneers to get to or away from Terre Haute was by way of the river. Men set to work on building a national road, which was completed as far as Terre Haute in 1823.

This great highway projected, from Maryland to Missouri, by the national government.

In 1849 the Wabash and Erie canal was opened and the first boat reached the town. It was an epoch in the history of Terre Haute.

But the canal was doomed almost before it was done, for in 1852 the railroad from Terre Haute to Indianapolis was opened and the frontier town of a few years before was thenceforth to be linked by iron bands to all the continent.

Ind. Hist. Proceedings

INDIANA ROOM

PAMPHLET FILE

EARLY HISTORY OF THE WABASH

Written by Captain Wm. Earle

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Given to the Journal for publication in the '70's.

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His reminiscences of his trip to Vincennes, 1833.

CHARACTER BOND
BOOKCOTTON by FOX RIVER

Early History of the Wabash.

Below we present to the readers of the JOURNAL a sketch of a trip made from this city to Vincennes over forty years ago by William Earle, then a young and enthusiastic boy, but now, and for the last thirty years, a sea captain. Capt. Earle has been in almost every port in the known world since that time, and writes the JOURNAL this letter from Port Chalmers, New Zealand. The Captain, in his letter sending the manuscript, says:

"I send you an account of a trip to Vincennes in 1833, when I was quite a lad. Do as you please with it. You will find that it contains many curiosities. I wrote it during a very stormy passage across the Southern ocean, and I have had neither leisure nor inclination to copy or correct it. I can hardly expect you will publish it, but if you do, give it any title you please. Make what alterations or curtailments you may deem necessary. I have tried to avoid all sea-language, and have only used nautical terms where I could find no other words to express my meaning so well.

I only mention the horse with the cloven foot to show how the boys of those early days were addicted to habits of observation.

I know the communication is of inordinate and cumbrous length, but I could not make it shorter. I was even tempted to tell how I crossed Honey Creek on my pony with Mary Ann Morgan sitting on the crupper. The water was more than half up the pony's sides. Mary Ann in trying to keep her feet dry, lost her balance and her hold of me, and tumbled over backwards. I caught her, however, by some part of her dress and towed her over the creek heels foremost. She was a sorry-looking sight when she reached the bank

and stood on end. "Her hair hung down her pallid cheeks like sea weed round a clam." Her dress clung to her as close and was as wet as the skin of a seal. Mary Ann was of good pluck, and equal to the emergency. She thanked me for landing her on the right side of the creek, and then retired to a clump of bushes to make her toilet over again.

I think she must have disrobed, for it wasn't long before I saw several garments, (some were of calico and some were white,) spread, by hands attached to bare arms, on the bushes in the warm summer sun, and not a long time elapsed before Mary Ann emerged from the copse as dry as when we started from home.

There! I might just as well have put it in the letter as bothered you with here."

The description of the journey to the Old Post will be interesting to many of the older citizens of Terre Haute, and will be read by all attentively, as showing how journeys were made in this country almost a half century ago. The manuscript commences as follows:

It was in the early part of June, 1833, and early in the morning, Mrs. Probst sewed a hundred dollars inside the lining of my vest. Mr. Probst instilled, or tried to instil, about as many instructions inside of my head how to go to Vincennes, and enter an eighty acre lot of land for him, and I mounted pony and was off on a gallop down Second street to Main, down Main to Eagle and Lion corner, and then I made a straight wake for Vincennes. Pony and I were excellent friends--Mr. Probst had bought him for Asa and me, of Micajah Goodman, over in Sugar Creek county--gave fifteen dollars for him. He was a stocky, stubborn, self-willed little fellow of an Indian pony, of considerable power for his size, and of great endurance. He had a habit of taking the bits in his teeth and

running away with me, at times. I could only stop him by steering him into a mudhole or against a fence.

Just south of the hill I saw Major Lewis emerge from the bushes--you don't remember Major Lewis, do you? Well, the Major was very black, very short, wore a high bell-crowned hat, gray hair, a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat, that reached down to the calves of his legs, with brass buttons--I turned my head the other way, gave pony the reins; pony laid back his ears, bared his teeth and made for the Major. "Take'a, take care dar, mine, I tell yon, mine," shouted the Major, and I reined up just as he entered the hazel bushes, his coat-tail on end and the white of his eyes gleaming over his shoulder. The danger over, he came out, saying, "Dat hoss is mighty wishus, Massa Bill, you mus' be car'fel." The Major was an institution, made lots of fun for the boys, not one of whom would have hurt a hair on his head. He blackened boots and his wife (Jenny I think was her name) did washing.

There were only one or two houses between Terre Haute and Old Terre Haute; three or four between Old Terre Haute and Honey Creek bridge. A Clemm family lived ~~next~~ to the bridge. In crossing the mile or so of prairie just south of the creek passed two frame houses on the left, two on the right; then came the Quaker meeting house in a neck of woods on the left side of the road. Emerging from this strip of woods the road lay along near the gentle slope to Honey Creek bottom; passed Moses Hoggatt's farm on the left; then came Robert Hoggatt's house, then his store of brick, both on the right; a little further south on the left and at the top of the rising ground was Peter Agney's grog-shop. Nearly the whole of Honey Creek prairie was fenced in on the line of the road. South of that prairie the traveling was more solitary--the road more wild. After passing Middletown came Gordontown, a collection of seven or

eight substantial hewed log-houses, tenantless, having been deserted some years previously on account of milk-sickness. Somewhere not far south of Gordontown I rode up to a house, a little back from the road on the right, and asked for a drink of milk. It was brought out to me by a very pleasant looking woman, who, learning I was from Terre Haute, inquired if I knew Cyrus Grace, (a bandy-legged clerk of Wm. C. & D. Linton). I think she was his mother.

After this I saw a fresh horse-track which rather puzzled me as one foot left a cloven impression in the soft clay. I soon came up with a man riding a grey horse with his right foot split. This man was merciless in the number, kind and quality of the questions he asked me in regard to my business at Vincennes; I parried them as well as I could with the truth for a long time but finding that entirely inadequate to the occasion, I am afraid I invented excuses fro my visit to Vincennes and my business there, for which I have never duly repented. I was glad when he turned off to the right with his cloven-footed horse and corn bags, yet he kindly invited me to stop at his house on my return.

The remainder of the road to Merom was mostly through forest, now and then a small clearing indicating life.

I arrived at Merom shortly after noon as I alighted at the tavern doors I sank to the ground unable to rise; three men ran out, picked me up and carried me into the house. One of these men was John Boudinet, one was Cyrus Bishop, and the other I do not remember but he was moving with his family to Terre Haute, where he afterwards lived. I was very lame from riding so long and so fast without dismounting. The land lord joked me so seriously about Terre Haute that I almost dried with vexation. At last John Boudinot said, "let the lad alone, Major," and there was peace.

After dinner I went out to see Merom. Merom was in its normal

condition, asleep. The nearest approach to any work going on, was a tailor slumbering on his shop-board and a dog gnawing a bone. I walked out to the bluff that over-looks the river, and while there, a man lounged along, with about as much energy as a soldier would require to haul a shad off a grid-iron. He pointed out to me the many advantages and beauties of Merom, dwelling especially upon an eagle's nest in a dry tree on the opposite side of the river. I told him I couldn't see any particular advantage an eagle's nest was to a town. He went off in high dudgeon, saying that I was too young to appreciate natural beauties.

Has Merom waked up to anything better than the reflection of an eagle's nest in the State of Illinois?

About the middle of the afternoon I was ready to continue my journey. When I was about to mount, the landlord commenced running on Terre Haute again. He must have been pretty severe, for I forgot the respect due to my elders, and said, as I mounted into my saddle, "My worthy patriarch, (his name was Abraham, Isaac or Jacob) I have seen Merom, and have come to the conclusion that God must have created the town, for the people are too lazy to have built it, and have not spirit enough to finish what is begun." A cane whistled by my head to the other side of the road. I don't think he tried to hit me with it. I added some other impertinence, which I have forgotten, and I rode off, the men on the porch laughing loudly at me or the landlord, I didn't know which--I don't know that I cared.

As I rode through the woods after leaving Merom I pondered over the thought of how great a traveler I was becoming. It may be well to remark in this conversation that these lines are written on ship-board at a point 192 miles distant south from the southwest extremity of Van Deiman's Land, precisely the same longitude.

I arrived at Mr. Webb's, six miles below Merom, long before

sunset. There was no one at home but a girl some twelve or thirteen years old. She went with a run to the stable to put away pony, and then came back and set down on the steps of the porch to talk. We had not been there long before a traveler came along from the south on horseback. He had evidently neither traveled fast nor far that day. He was dressed in black, and with great neatness-- not a spot or blemish on his shirt-bosom, a very (for those times) narrow black neckerchief, his hat smoothly bushed and his boots shining. He was tall and slender, not a wrinkle on his smooth-shaven face, his hair light and thin, but he was not inclined to be bald. I was much pleased with his looks and the young girl and I put away his horse, then went back and resumed our seat on the steps, meantime the stranger had prepared his toilet, and was walking in front of the house when we returned. He would occasionally speak to us a pleasant word. After a while he came and sat down between us, which I didn't thank him for, and I felt very indignant when he took the girl's hand in his; my anger soon passed away, however, as he talked, I had never heard a man talk as he did to us two children. There was a kind of manner of speech and tone of voice that invited to ask questions. He told of places where he had been. I deemed him a great traveler, and must have tired him with questions, but he answered all cheerfully. About sunset Mr. Webb and wife returned, and we soon had supper, after which the stranger and I walked up and down the road in front of the house.

He made me talk and I suppose I uttered some first-rate nonsense. I was an ardent Whig, and I abused Andrew Jackson and Ratliffe Boone and the Indian agent, who had just been elected to the United States Senate. At this, the stranger said "anybody might know I came from Terre Haute;" whereupon I flew at him with "And isn't Terre Haute as good as any other place to come from?" "Oh yes, anyone had better

come from than anywhere I know of," he replied. I could faintly see there was a covert meaning to what he said and I thought best to make a drawn battle of it. He enquired my name, and I told him, with the addition that I was called tow-head sometimes. I was impertinent enough to ask his. I did not quite catch the name; it sounded like Jones or Bohrens, but most like Bones, but I called him Mr. Jones. We were both ready to start the next morning at the break of day. As I was about to start to mount Mr. Jones came up to me and wishing me good bye, he added, "If you should ever have occasion to speak of me to anyone and should be asked what my name was tell them John Tipton." Here was a pretty kettle of fish! John Tipton! Indian Agent, U.S. Senator from Indiana and what not! the very man I had been abusing. I begged his pardon as well as I could. He told me to "never mind," that he had and expected to have worse things said of him than I had uttered. I saw him again in 1837 when he was going South, perhaps to attend Martin Van Buren's extra session of Congress. He stopped all night at Prairieton where I was living at that time. He laughed when I reminded him of our meeting at Mr. Webb's. He asked me if I had got no further than Prairieton on my travels.

A heavy thunder storm had passed over during the night and Mr. Webb told me I had a creek to cross which would be probably swollen, and not to attempt the passage if the water was above a certain mark but a quarter of a mile further up where I would find a shoal water. I found the water up to the mark and I plunged in. The pony came near being swept away. Gaining the other bank I halted, looked back, shook my head and started on at a brisk gallop. I took breakfast at Samuel Emerson's. Mr. E. was proprietor of the mail stage between Terre Haute and Vincennes I think. Shortly after leaving that place in crossing a little stream of water the pony made a jump and I was left sitting in the mud and water. I stripped off my nether

nether garments, however, and washed them in the brook, and dried them on the bushes in the warm sun. I stopped at a farm house about half way between Emerson's and Vincennes, and asked for a drink of milk. A boy brought it to me, and asked me to dismount and get something to eat. I declined, and was soon at Vincennes. I was not long finding the land offices, or one of them, I forget which, I had to go to first, Register's or Receiver's. I felt very important when I told the gentleman in the office that I wished to enter an eighty-acre lot, and repeated the town, range, section, quarter and half quarter section; and then compared my little slip of paper with his noting. He asked me if I were not very young to be sent so far on such business. I must have felt twice as large as usual when I told him to do what he was able to do." He accompanied me to the other office, where the business was soon settled. One of the gentlemen, I forget which, offered to let me stop at his house while I remained at Vincennes. One of the gentlemen's name was John Badolet. I remember him well, for I took dinner with him at Homer Johnson's Hotel a day or two afterwards.

I stopped with a family by the name of Bailey. There were two brothers, John and Thomas, and a sister, Emeline, besides a little girl named Clara. Mrs. Probst and Lane, at Terre Haute, were also sisters of the family. I had a grand time at Vincennes, lasting all day Wednesday and Thursday.

Cherries were just ripe and I put many of them where they would do the most good. I stuffed little Clara, who was only four years old, so full that Emeline scolded me.

Next day after my arrival I wandered around the town and saw much to wonder at. I saw a cotton factory; windmills, invented by a man named Coleman, that spread as much canvas as a line-of-battle-ship leaving the hub of the universe; the printing offices of the Vincennes Gazette, and the Vincennes Sun. Mr. Caddington was editor of the

first, and I know Elisha Stout was editor of the other, and a stout old Democrat he was too. His editorials were in the first person singular, very non-committal, except in politics; here is an example plastered to my memory: "I am creditably informed that the Wabash River is on the rise." I saw a sign which read, "Rum, Gin and Brandy, Raisins and Candy."

I fell in with a lot of boys throwing pieces of tin in the rear of Nick Smith's tin shop. They asked who I was and where I came from. After they satisfied themselves on those points, they wanted to know if I wanted to fight? I told them "no;" whereupon one of them dared me to knock a chip off his shoulder. I told him he might keep the chip there if he wanted, I had no objections. He then attempted to put one on my shoulder; I stepped aside and told him I didn't want it there; he followed and made a second attempt when I struck him alongside of ~~the~~ the head with my fist. This was a signal for hostilities. All hands pitched in, and the consequence was, the distinguished traveller from Terre Haute got a pretty thorough pounding. I made out to get hold of a hickory switch, and made some of them hop around like French dancing masters, and kept them all at bay. Just in this stage of the engagement somebody took hold of my arm. I looked around and saw Jake Gullinger--he said: "What, Billy! are you here, fighting half the boys in Vincennes?" He made us make friends, and we all set to work ornamenting Nick Smith's shop with refuse pieces of tin. Poor Jake! He was a horse-race rider, or a race-horse rider, I don't know which you term it. He was killed, I believe, by a fall from a horse some three or four years afterwards. His mother, I think, lived out in Lost Creek township.

On Friday morning, just as day was breaking, I mounted the pony and started for home, with a heart overflowing with joy and my pockets full of donghnuts. I took a pretty early breakfast at Emersons, and

pushed on for Mr. Welsh's, where I arrived a little before noon. I didn't leave there till the middle of the afternoon, or later, finding it very hard to leave the little girl. We parted, however, and we have never met since, for she was not at Mr. W's the following year when I went to Vincennes.

I intended to have galloped through Merom, and was doing so when I was stopped by my friend of the Eagle's Nest. I had observed a number of the more enterprising citizens asleep on the sunny side of their houses, apparently preparing for the fall campaign against the fever and ague. The Eagle's nest inquired the news. I informed him that General Jackson had been re-elected President of the November previous. He told me that they had already received the intelligence through Mr. Wm. S. Cruft, who had ridden over from Carlisle the day before and found a small boy awake in the street and had told him. I was also hailed and brought to by the patriarchal in-keeper, to whom I gave a newspaper; had a short talk with him and resumed my journey. He didn't say "Terre Haute" once. After I left him I began to think what a cheery voice he had and how kindly he spoke; how rudely I had spoken to him the Monday before; my heart misgave me and I turned the pony, went back and asked forgiveness for my impoliteness. You can't tell how light my heart became as soon as I had done this.

I hauled up for the night. A sandyhaired, freckled-faced boy took care of the pony and talked all the time he was rubbing him down. He rubbed well and talked much.

I remember nobody attached to that house but that boy with the freckled-face and red hair. After supper he took a position near the sign-posts and repeated some lines with considerable emphasis. Many of them still cling to my memory:

"A stranger traveling through the West
By chance espied a Hoosier's nest,

And fearing he might be benighted
He hailed the house and then alighted;
The Hoosier met him at the door:
Their salutations soon were o'er;
He led the stranger's horse aside
And to a sturdy sapling tied;
Then having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him at a sugar trough.

The tired traveler walked to the door,
Had to stoop to enter in;
The entrance closing with a pin.

Inside, two rifles placed above the door;
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor;
Dried pumpkin overhead was hung
Where venison hams in plenty hung.

Around the fire was gathered soon,
Some five or six young Hoosieroons
With mush and milk, tin cups and spoons,
White heads, bare feet and dirty faces,
Seemed well inclined to keep their places.

Supper over it was not long before
Madam, anxious to display,
Her rough and undisputed sway,
Her offspring to the ladder led
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed,
Then the conversation became general, but
Mine host he centered his affections
On game, and ranges and quarter sections.

This is what has clung to my memory for more than forty years. I
never heard it repeated but that once, and never saw it in print; the

boy said he saw it in a Cincinnati newspaper. We sat on the sloping bank near the sign posts and conversed over our hopes and intentions. He was going to Congress and I was going to see the world. I wonder which has come the nearest to the goal he aimed at.

The following morning I was off bright and early. My desire to know the news of the painter of the landlord's sign was very great; he had evidently taken great pride in this exhibition of his literary attainments for he had attached his name to it. If I only knew his name I would assist thus far to immortalize it. For my good intentions he will no doubt thank me if living, but if "gone where the wood-bine twineth" not, and has left any posterity I duly accept their gratitude.

It was a lovely morning and quite early when I came to the vicinity of Gordontown. I checked up; to a slow walk to enjoy the solitude; to me these deserted houses were a Tadmor. Often, and after, even to this day does Gordontown haunt my dreams, always connected, however, with a lone rock away down in the great Southern Ocean, over which I have just passed, that rock in dreams appears to rise sheer aloft a thousand feet; its base baffles the briny wave; its summit rends asunder the low, swift-flying clouds; no animal life can exist upon it; no wild sea bird can hover near it; no sacred albatross or balanced wing can soar around it. How often in these visions of the night have I hove my ship to, under storm stay-sails under its lee amid the thick haze and upon the troubled waters and watched this seeming embodiment of desolation and despair fade away in the mists of the night. Walking my horse slowly along I was soon startled by a herd of seven or eight deer trotting out from among the houses on the right into the road. As soon as they saw me they bounded up the road to the north, with pony after them. They soon sprang into the woods to the left and I galloped along to Middletown, where I watered the

pony, and met Steve Taylor (Sawbuck). Steve rode two or three miles along homeward with me, and then turned off to the left, as the herd of deer did, but not with the same speed. When going south through Honey Creek prairie I had noticed the height of the corn, and now in returning I was surprised at its great growth in five days.

Just north of where Prairieton was afterward laid out, I came to a two-story white frame house. A little girl, some ten years old, was in the yard. She had long dark curls and very bright eyes. I asked if I could get a drink of water for myself and pony. She ran and opened a side gate, and I rode in and dismounted at the well. A large trough stood by the pump. I filled it with water and plunged my head into it to my chin, a practice I have followed so far back that my mind runneth not to the contrary. The little girl exclaimed with astonishment: "Is that the way thee drinks water?" I answered, "No, Miss, I don't drink water at all when I can get milk." "Oh," she said. "Thee has never been weaned then? But thee must not let Aunt Rachel hear thee call me Miss." "What then is your name?" I asked. "Mary Johnson Haggatt," she replied, scampering off. I heard her ask "Aunt Rachel" for a bowl of milk "for that crazy boy out there." "Aunt Rachel" sent out a towel and comb. I had let the water run out off, and had by this time refilled the trough. The pony plunged his nose into the water half way to his eyes, and little Mary said: "Why! that horse does just the same as thee did! Does he want some milk, too?"

I soon dispatched my milk and its accompaniments, thanked the little bright-eyed handmaiden; mounted the pony, and was again on my homeward-bound passage. Near the Friends' meeting house I met Capt. McComb, Col. Dowling's veteran voyageur, who in 1836 had been forty-two trips to New Orleans. I went to New Orleans in 1838 with him on his forty-fourth trip. He was going to hit a man over the head with a skillet-lid one day, for speaking ill of me. I had a short yarn with him. I

stopped to have a few words with Jacob Jones at his house. I always liked Jacob, because he would tell me every time I saw him, that when he was assisting to build a chimney to my father's house, they came to work one morning in September and were told that they could not work that day, as a man-child had been born during the night. His name was to be William, and is the writer hereof.

Crossed Honey Creek at the usual place; of course I wouldn't cross a bridge if I could help it.

Stopped my horse to view the surroundings where the ghost had lately been seen--near the corner where the same year the corn grew eighteen feet high.

Arrived home late in the forenoon, Asa met me at the gate and took the pony to ride around to the stable, but somehow managed to fall overboard before she got there. This tumbling off the pony was chronic with Asa. I was warmly greeted by Mrs. Probst and Lane and the children. That night a letter which I had mailed Vincennes, arrived. I had taken that precaution in case I met with an accident.

PAMPHLET FILE

PIONEER INDIANA, 1816-1836

There were three classes of pioneers. First came the hunters and trappers, who had neither families nor homes and lived in temporary camps wherever there was plenty of game. Next came the "squatters" who were the hunters and trappers with their families. They sought out suitable places beside springs of cool water and there built temporary cabins. If every thing remained pleasant they would buy the land and become permanent settlers; but most probably after two or three years, when game began to get scarce and wild, they gathered up their few belongings and moved out on the frontier again.

History has no permanent record of these advance guards. For this reason almost every community in Indiana has a never-ending dispute as to when it was first settled and who its first settlers were. Tradition correctly points to the hunter and squatter.

Finally the records at the courthouse name the third class- the men who bought land and made homes, the permanent settlers.

The period from 1816 to 1836 has been taken as the pioneer time of Indiana. It was a period of preparation; everything was temporary- temporary cabins, temporary barns, if any at all, temporary fences, fields full of stumps and dead trees, temporary churches, temporary schools, temporary government, preachers, teachers, lawyers and physicians.

There was not time, until they got settled in their new homes, to go at anything systematically. The wild, free, open air life of the pioneer has its attractions for us even yet. The following is intended to give some pictures of this life: In 1817 there

there was not a railroad in the United States, nor a canal west of the Alleghany Mountains. The telegraph had not been discovered, fire was struck by the flint and steel, the falling spark was caught in "punk", taken from the knots of the hickory tree. There was not a foot of turnpike road in the state and plank roads had never been heard of. Not a bridge in the state, all traveling done on horseback, the husband mounted in the saddle, with one to three of the youngest children in his arms, the wife with a spread cover reaching to the tail of the horse, seated behind with the balance of the children who were unable to walk, in her lap.

The first settlers were intelligent and worthy pioneers, who came with wife, children and household stores down the Ohio and up the Wabash in flat-boats or by horseback and wagon across country, blazing the trail. Often the forests were so dense that roads for the travelers had to be hewed out as they went. They selected homesteads along the river wherever there was a slighty spot that could be reached by water transportation.

Desirable qualifications of a settler were muscular strength and a homely hospitality. Women were as courageous and as zealous as the men.

On arriving at the new farm, an axe was put into the boy's hand and he was set to work to aid in clearing a field for corn and to help build the cabin. The cabin of the earlier period was rough and crude, the logs often put out leaves and the cabin sometimes presented the appearance of a green bower. After the logs had been cut the settler and his friends dragged them together and put them into a clumsy box-like one room structure. The usual height was seven or eight feet. The gables were formed by shortening the logs gradually at each end of the building as the top was approached. A roof

was made by laying stout poles a suitable distance apart generally two and a half feet from gable to gable. On these poles the clap-boards were laid, which were held in place by weight poles and wooden pegs. A hole of the proper size for a door was cut in the side, and often the shutter was a bear-skin. The floor of the hut was easily constructed, it was nothing more than mother earth. Fireplace and chimney were built on the outside at the end of the cabin. An opening of the proper width was cut through three or four logs, then a three sided crib was lined with layer upon layer of mud to make it solid and to prevent any danger of fire.

Bedstead, or rather bed frame, was made of poles held up by two outer poles, and the ends made firm by inserting the poles in augur holes that had been bored in a log which was a part of the wall of the cabin; thongs or strings were strung across the skins were its chief coverings.

If the house of the pioneer was rough and crude, its furniture was in keeping with it. Everything was home made direct from the forest. In this crude shelter the early settler, his wife and children, lived and laid the foundation for a great estate.

After the settlers had become established, more commodious homes were built. Trees of uniform size were selected, cut into logs of the desired length, usually twelve to fifteen feet and hauled to the chosen spot. On the day appointed the available neighbors assembled for the "house raising", when fun and pleasure were mingled with the hard labor; in fact such occasions were usually regarded as holidays.

Each log was saddled and notched so that it would fit down as closely as possible. The foundation logs were carefully placed in a level position and upon them the floor was laid. The dwelling was made of

of logs, laid up in the bark, and the roof made of clapboards. These clapboards, well laid, made better protection against the rain and snow than the common shingles. The clapboards were riven from oak blocks with the frow and shaven smooth on the upper side with a drawing-knife. The floors were made of puncheons- large slabs of hard wood, three feet wide and three or four inches thick, with a length of five or six feet; these were split from blocks of the proper length and smoothed on the upper side with the adz. These puncheon floors did not rest on the ground, but on pieces of timber called dtringers or sleepers, which were squared, leveled on the upper side and joined into the lower logs of the house a little above the surface. The doors and windows were fitted more neatly than one would now suppose it could be done with such materials. The cracks between the logs and around the frames of the different openings were chinked, that is, filled with small pieces of wood fastened with wedges and then carefully plastered with clay until the crevices were closed.

While the cabin was being erected, openings for the windows and doors were sawed in the walls. Slabs fastened to the ends of these logs by wooden pins served as frames for the openings. At a later period glass was sometimes used for the windows, but the usual material was greased paper, greased deer-skin was sometimes used.

The door, made of thick rived boards of the proper length, across which heavy battens were pinned, was hung on great wooden hinges; sometimes it was made of clapboards pinned to two or three wooden bars. A heavy wooden latch was attached to the door and this latch could be raised from the outside by the proverbial latch-string, which passed through a hole and hung on the outside. At night the string was drawn in for security, but for neighbors and

friends the latchstring was always on the outside. No people on earth were more generous, free hearted, and hospitable than the early pioneers and their hospitality and good cheer had with it a flavor that cannot be copied.

The chimney and fireplace were prominent features and were of large dimensions. They were formed either by leaving a place in the wall or by cutting an opening after the walls were in position. From this opening a three-sided enclosure of small split logs was built outward. Inside this enclosure was a similar temporary one, built with a space of twelve or fifteen inches between the two sets of walls, and into this space moist clay was firmly pounded and left to dry. When the false wall was removed or burned away, the clay formed the projecting back for the fireplace, extending four or five feet up. Upon and above this was built the chimney either of stones or sticks. Rived sticks heavily plastered with mud were the usual materials. The chimney was gradually tapered to the proper size for securing a good draft and then built up until it was higher than the roof. It was so made as to draw all the smoke upward and yet allow the heat to be thrown forward into the room. It was not every one who could make a good cat-and-clay chimney, so called for the reason that in the first settlements of the country, the down or fuzz of the cat-tail flag was used in mixing clay mortar with which it was plastered, both inside and out.

The hearth and bottom of the fireplace were made by filling in the triangular crib with wet clay to the level of the cabin floor. This was pounded with a maul until hard and firm, then wet with water and scraped with a wooden scraper. A man might enter ~~with~~ the fireplace with slight stooping. The front of the fireplace was six to ten feet wide, the back six feet. The forestick and backlog

of the winter fire were of sorresponding size and length. Sometimes the backlog was as large as a sawlog. There was a reason for this for the more quickly the pioneer could burn up the wood on his land, the more quickly he could have it cleared and ready for cultivation.

Most cabins contained a loft or attic story which was reached by a ladder at the corner. This cubby-hole furnished the sleeping chamber for the boys of the family.

The kitchen, a lwan-to on the back of the house , was floored and roofed like the cabin, but the story was lower. The kitchen hearth and chimney were large and wide. The bright tin reflector for baking, the spit for roasting, the swinging iron crane could be turned freely, the long arm carrying the pots and kettles out over the hearth when desired. The spider and the dutch oven, a baking pot or covered skillet heated by surrounding it with live coals, these constituted the furniture of the kitchen.

Most of the dishes were pewter; spoons were of iron, the knives and forks hornhandled. Long handled gourds were used for xxxx dippers and drinking cups.

Most of the pioneers had just a handful of household goods, just the bare necessities. Some few of the well-to-do families moved all their furniture, bedsteads, bureaus, hickory chairs with cane seats, tables etc.

In one corner of the room stood the large bed for the old folks with a trundle-bed under it for the children. The great feather bed was the pride of the householder's heart. The feather tick and sheets were made from home spun linen; a coverlid or counterpane was used on top of the bed. At one side of the room was the spinning wheel or loom, sometimes both. For a

clothes and hat rack many a house had the antlers of a buck killed by the settler. There were other articles that would cause the twentieth century citizen to wonder at their use. The mortar and pestle, the grater for making cornmeal, the sieve of deerskin punched full of holes, the iron kettle for rendering lard in winter and for boiling maple sap in spring, the ash barrel through which percolated the water to come out as lye for making soap or to steep the corn for lye hominy- all these domestic articles could be seen at any of the homes on Vigo County prairies.

There were of course the threshing floors in the barn or in the open, where men beat out the grain with flails or horses walked round and round in a circle, treading the seed from the straw.

Familiar articles about every home were the ash barrel and soap kettle. The wood ash was carefully collected and preserved, was leached out in the ash hopper, and then in the spring the housewife started the fire under the kettle and in the lye boiled the jowls and other waste parts of the hogs that had been slaughtered the previous winter, until the grease and alkali were combined into soap.

The "soap grease" for this manufacture was brought out from the house, which was also an essential feature of every home. The smoke house, the apple and potato cave, the spring house or well house remain of vivid memory in the minds of all who lived any part of the old times.

To the early settler the rifle, with a flint lock, for percussion caps did not come into general use until after the Mexican war, was perhaps the most indispensable weapon; with it they procured their meat from the forest, defended their homes from wild men and wild animals and preserved their live stock from

from prowling enemies. To be a sure shot was a matter of no importance. The pioneer hunter kept his guns in perfect order and ready for use at any moment. When in the cabins, the guns were in a crotch over the door, or on the side of a joist with the point of a deer's horn for a rack.

Double log cabins were frequently built in older and more prosperous communities. A house of two or more rooms was considered particularly fine. A few log cabins and more often the early taverns were built two stories high, but this was not usual.

The first cabins were constructed entirely without the use of nails or any scrap of iron, but after the first years glass, nails and other imported materials, were commonly used and with the establishment of sawmills, sawed boards took the place of hewed logs. These later cabins, in comparison with the earlier ones, presented a very neat appearance with their smooth, even walls daubed with mortar and their floors, frames and furnishings of yellow poplar.

Various woods were used, sugar-tree, maple, beech, ash, poplar, walnut and hickory.

Mary Phillips

Source

Historic Indiana----- Levering

History of Terre Haute-----Condit

Readings in Indiana History

Stories of Indiana-----Thompson

Greater Terre Haute & Vigo Co.-----Oakey

INDIANA ROOM **PAMPHLET FILE**

Ind. Hist. Pioneer Life

LETTER FROM L. H. SCOTT.

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Bristol, Pa., June 15, 1858.

Editor Wabash Express: A friend has kindly sent me a copy of your new City Directory for 1858, which I have examined with peculiar interest and satisfaction. It displays very considerable talent, industry, and research, on the part of the compiler, and is alike-creditable to himself and the young city he has so faithfully served. In its general details the work is much more accurate than might be expected after a lapse of more than forty years; but yet there are some inaccuracies, both of fact, and chronology, which--"for the truth of history" it may be permitted to an "old citizen" to point out. In doing this I may have to speak of a few incidents connected with my own emigration to the Wabash, where I resided exactly thirty years.

On the 14th day of March, 1817, I left father's house, situated on the bank of the St. Lawrence river, near the Borough--now city--of Ogdensburg in New York, in company with John W. Osborn; and after a very long and tedious journey, caused by various delays--we arrived at Vincennes on the 6th day of the following June. In the various changes our country has made in its progress during the last forty years, perhaps there is nothing more striking and remarkable than the increased facilities for travel. A rapid sketch of our journey will afford a sufficient illustration.

The Spring of 1817 was an unusually early one, which enabled us to embark in a small schooner of about 150 tons, commanded by Capt. Mayo, an excellent sailor and a most estimable man.

The weather was pleasant and we made fair progress up to "the Narrows," where we met a head-wind which detained us eight days.--The wind finally changed and enabled us to go forward, but before reaching our destination--the mouth of the Genesee river,--we encountered a terrible storm, which, for several hours, placed our little craft with all on board, in imminent peril. After spending a couple of days at the "mouth" to repair the damages and fatigue of our sear voyage; we moved forward--our baggage--such as it was--in somebody's wagon, and we on foot, to Rochester.

This city was then said to have a population of about 2,000--I well remember the stumps of the recent forest were still standing in the streets. After a brief stay at this place, we proceeded on--in the same way--to "Olean Point," the head waters of the Alleghany river. We there, as the only alternative--had to unite with an emigrating family--an old New Bedford whale fisherman by the name of "Capt. Robb," and build a boat to take us down the river. This caused a long delay, but was finally accomplished, and we reached Pittsburgh the first week in May. We spent several days there, looking earnestly for some means of conveyance to Cincinnati, and at last shipped ourselves and our traps on a large raft of pine timber, with the only condition that we should lend a hand at the oars when necessary, to keep her off the points. Our plan was adopted by at least a dozen other young fellows--plank furnished to construct our shanties, and we had a merry voyage of about two weeks, to Cincinnati. We there spent three or four days, and finding no means of further progress; Osborn and myself purchased a small skiff in which we rowed ourselves

down to Madison. At that place we sold our skiff--I think, for a dollar--found a two horse wagon loaded for Washington, in Daviess county, and getting our baggage on board, we set forth on foot, and as already said--reached Vincennes on the 6th of June. Here Osborn found immediate employment in the Printing Office of our old friend Stout, out I--less fortunate--after spending two weeks in a vain search for something to do--shouldered my knapsack and started for Terre Haute. At Vincennes I formed an acquaintance with a young man, a recent emigrant from one of the western counties of New York. He had been at Terre Haute, and determined to settle there, and from him I gained much valuable information in regard to the character of the country. The name of this young man was John Britton, for many years my intimate friend, and a highly respectable and valued citizen of Terre Haute.

On my arrival, I found Britton at the house of David Barnes, on section sixteen, and there I took up my temporary abode. This must have been about the 27th or 28th of June, 1817. Henry Redford, not Richard (as the Directory has it,) was finishing a large hewn log house, which afterwards constituted a part of the far-famed old "Eagle and Lion" tavern. The roof was on and the floors laid, and great efforts were being made to prepare it for the reception of the large company expected there, to participate in the festivities of our National Holiday on the ensuing 4th of July. The 4th arrived and so did the company, and a gay and merry assemblage it was. Major Chunn, with his officers Lieuts. Sturgus and Floyd, Drs. Clark and McCullough, with several other gentlemen--and ladies too--residing at the Fort--with the few scattered families of the neighborhood--made up a party of fifty or sixty gentlemen, and more than half that number of ladies. I remember some young people came from the Shaker Prairie.--Military Band was on hand from the Fort--including Billy Hogue with his fiddle. The "Medicine Chest" had yielded certain necessary stores--the "Declaration" was read--speeches made, toasts drank, a good dinner eaten, and a ball at night, prolonged until the beautiful, unbroken Prairie began to glimmer in the bright beams of the morning sun. Thus passed the first 4th of July ever celebrated at Terre Haute.

The next day I rode out to present a letter of introduction to Major Markle, at his place on Otter Creek. I found him busily engaged in the erection of his mill, but he received me with that frank hospitality and graceful ease so natural to him--and there commenced the friendship that--with one slight interruption--continued to the day of his death. The next day I went to the Fort to present introductions to Major Chunn, and his officers, and yielding to their kind and cordial invitation, I spent several days with them, and that visit formed the basis of an attachment that only terminated with the lives of the respective parties. It was there that I first formed the acquaintances with my friends Messrs. Isaac Lambert and John Dixon, which led me soon afterwards--for the want of something--better to do--to take a small school on Honey Creek. The citizens built me a log cabin, and I opened my school the latter part of July, but was soon afterwards taken sick, and with such violence that nothing--under the Providence of God--but the kindness of the family (Mr. Dixon's) and the skill of my physician (Dr. McCullough) saved my life. I lingered, with various relapses, until late in October, when I went to Vincennes to recruit my shattered health, in which I succeeded far beyond my most sanguine hopes. Soon as my health was restored, I began to feel with painful anxiety, the necessity of employment. I had

now been six months in the country without earning a dollar--had brought little or nothing with me, and my sickness, and other expenses, had caused me to create a debt of fearful magnitude. Whilst ruminating on these matters, one day at my room at Lasselle's in no very pleasant mood, I was called on by Mr. George A. Wasson, of the firm of Wasson & Sayre, who explained the object of his visit, as follows:

The firm had a small assortment of goods at Vincennes, another at Carlisle, and another at Merom. That at Vincennes they wished to move to Terre Haute, and if not otherwise engaged, would like to employ me to take charge of them. The store at Carlisle was under charge of young Whittlesey, a mere lad--the Court was to meet there in a day or two, and he wished me to go up and take charge of the store during Court, and then pass on to Terre Haute--rent and fit up a room for the reception of the goods which he would forward by water. I did all as directed --rented a room of Dr. Modesitt--employed an old man by the name of Bell, to fit it up with counter and shelves, and had all ready for the goods before the first day of December, but the hard winter of that year had set in--the goods were frozen up in the river and did not arrive until the last days of the month. I had them open and commenced sales on the first day of January, 1818,--and these were the first goods ever opened for sale at Terre Haute. John Earle did not arrive until the Autumn of that year.

I claim then to have established a permanent residence at Terre Haute, in November, 1817--considered it my home, though, for business purposes, I spent nearly four years at Roseville, and with the exception of the Messrs. Modesitt and their sister Mrs. Chauncey Warren, who were small children at the time, I know of no person now living who was as early a resident as myself. The store in which I was employed--unfortunately for the owners--was withdrawn in May 1818. About the same time I received the appointment of County Agent from the Board of Commissioners, and of the county, and was the first Sheriff elected by the people of Vigo. I served--with election in 1820--four years in that office, the close of which, in 1822, was elected to represent Vigo and Parke to the Legislature which met at Corydon. In the Fall of 1822, made an arrangement with Josephus Collett and opened a small stock of goods at Roseville in Parke county, where I remained until the Spring of 1826, when I returned to Terre Haute. In 1827 I erected my house on the corner of Ohio and Market Street, which was the first brick dwelling ever erected in Terre Haute.

The frame house built by Mr. Gilbert in 1818 was on lot No. 256 instead of 206. It was raised a short time before Lewis B. Lawrence and myself put up our office on lot 224, corner of Ohio and First Street--but ours was first finished--and the first, lathe and plastering, ever done in Terre Haute, was on that building. In 1820, I think, Mr. Rose was building his mill on Raccoon Creek, at Roseville. Mr. Chauncey Warren was living in that neighborhood, engaged in distilling. Mr. M. M. Hickox was living at his father's near Otter Creek, and I much doubt if the honor of being classed among the "oldest inhabitants," would entirely reconcile my friend Judge Huntington, to the idea of being regarded as quite so antique. If my memory serves, he did not come to the State until 1823, and then a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age. In speaking of the first steamboat--the "Florence," it might have been added that she was chartered

and loaded by William C. Linton, as was also the "Plough Boy," Capt. Bacon, the following year. If I am mistaken, the records will correct me in regard to the first ferry. I am under the impression that in 1818, Mr. Farrington was a student at law at Vincennes, and could not have been interested in the ferry on the Wabash. I think his ferry was established some three or four years afterwards.

I have then, Mr. Editor, attempted to correct some unimportant errors in the compilation of the "Directory." If in doing so, I have been led to say more of myself than would seem entirely compatible with good taste, I can only apologise by saying, that from "the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Those early Western scenes are so full of delightful memories, that when one begins to speak or write of them, he knows not where to stop.

Very truly, Yours,
L. H. SCOTT.

INDIANA ROOM

AARON WOOD,

PAMPHLET FILE

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The Pioneer Preacher of the Wabash Valley,

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Delivers an Historical Address at Asbury Church Sunday Night.

An Interesting Discourse.

(Aug. 24, 1880)

(After the conclusion of services the following address was delivered by Rev. Wood.)

It seems strange to me that there is not in this large congregation one person who was here in August 1826 when first I preached in the old Court House, nor are there many who, in 1835 were present when the house on this lot was dedicated, when with Dr. M. A. Jewett who preached on the text, John, 15 chapter and 5th verse, "Without me ye can do nothing," and your present speaker preached from the words of Solomon, Second Chronicles, 6th chapter and 18th verse, "Will God in every deed dwell with men on earth?" Both sermons were reported by B. E. Kavanaugh and printed in the Christian Advocate. Where are the liberal hearted men who contributed to build this house in 1841? Echo answers where. Among the last but not least was J. D. Casto.

In 1826 I was preacher with R. Hargrave on Honey Creek Circuit and in 1835 and 1836 was presiding elder in the Terre Haute district, in 1852 and 1853 pastor of Asbury church and from 1854 to 1858, presiding elder Terre Haute district. But my work as special pastor does not embrace all my official labors with this city. Six years as agent for Asbury University, six years as agent for the Bible society, have all brought me annually to this place to test the liberality of this organization known as Asbury charge of Terre Haute, and compared with other parts of the state I speak to their praise, this congregation has excelled in liberalities to the enterprises of the church.

Terre Haute had but 600 inhabitants 50 years ago, and much of the land on which it now stands was mortgaged for borrowed money the debtors could not pay. After the first sale of land the office was moved from here to Crawfordsville. Whitlock, Dunn, Wilson and Callett moved the office to a spring and called it Crawfordsville. Many of the settlers of Vigo county would have left if they could have sold their land for money, after the sickness in 1820.

The first sermon ever preached in the territory of the county, was by Johnathan Stamper, Chaplain in a regiment of Kentucky volunteers, at fort Harrison. The next was Jacob Thursman, then William Medford, and then James McCord. These were Methodists. Then McCoy, the first Baptist missionary. The first Presbyterian was Samuel Taylor. And next David Montfort, after which came father Wallace. All preached in the Court House until the church

was built on this lot. I was personally acquainted with all these men. In 1835 the town was taken from the circuit and organized into a seaprare station and Smith L. Robinson was appointed the preacher and four laymen pledged his support, and collected and paid his salary. He left 70 members at the end of his first year. He also projected a female seminary and had ample subsciptions and a house erected. Miss Trip was sent for as teacher and came here in a stage from the Maine seminary and died in a few days after her arrival. And Robinson went on to Indianapolis to conference and died there and is buried beside John Strange. In 1876 at that conference, Greencastle was selected as the place for a denominational college, and your speaker was taken from the district and was appointed agent. John Miller was appointed to the district and Zrouse stationed in the town, and increased the membership to 150. Since which time it has been a self-suppor-ting charge and supporting a pastor; and contributing to the en-terprises of the church generally, with an individual and congre-gational liberty not surpassed by any Methodist society in the State of Indiana. You have already excelled all others in a pa-cific enlargement of home enterprise since the building of the little brick which cost \$800, so also have the citizens been li-beral in building houses for other denominations. And I think Wabash Collago, Asbury University, and Hanover have all received bountifully from the liberality of this city. In 1841 the Indiana conference held its annual session in this house, Bishop Ro-berts presiding. In 1852 the Northern Indiana conference held its session in this house Bishop Baker presiding. The first Methodist societies in Vigo county were in the country. At Dix-on, Jackson and Barnes there were large societies, before there were any denominations in town. And yet no town on the Wabash at that day had so many well bred, educated, high-minded, liber-al citicens as Terre Haute; enterprising, ambitious men whose mo-ral character was elevated by the early training received in the church in other lands, some in Ireland, some in Canada, some in New England, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. All ministers of the gospel were received respectfully and entertained hospitably. Yet no one denomination was strong enough to build a house of wor-ship, and the first house was supported by the farms in the country, Barns, Brown, Dickson, Jackson, Lambert, Wilken, Ostrand-er and others. In 1825 Isaac Lambert and John Dixon offered to entertain the entire Illinois conference of Methodist preachers in Indiana and Illinois if we whuld hold our session in the school house on Honey Creek near their farms. These were Methodists from Ohio, who with Wm. Medford, Wm. Winters and Captain Hains formed the first Methodist society in the country. As early as 1813 there was a society worthy of note which was related to me by John Dix-on. On Sunday they were holding a prayer-meeting at Lambert's house, and a company of hostile savages approached so near as to witness them on their knees at prayer. A Potowatema chief at the treaty afterward told Dixon, "We feared the Great Spirit and left," though the night before they had massacred the settlers south of Honey Creek and Dixon and Winters always acknowledged the special Providence in their perservation. It may be proper for me to state another circumstance which will show how a per-sonal occurrence may be as a pebble in a mountain current to di-rect events in the stream of human history.

Zach Taylor was a Lieutenant in the army at the seige of Fort Harrison. And it was here he first ~~was~~ was distinguished

as a military man. See his report to Gen. Harrison. Sept. 10, 1812.

"At 11 o'clock at night I was called up by the firing of the sentinel and I ordered the men to their posts. My orderly who had charge of the upper block-house called my attention to the fact that the Indians had set fire to the lower blockhouse in which were the stores of the contractor, containing materials which were soon in flames on the roof. The alarm of fire, the yelling of the Indians, the cries of women and children and the despondings of the men consisting of only about fifteen, produced a panic, but my presence of mind did not forsake me, and by throwing off the roof of the adjoining building and keeping it wet, only about eighteen feet of an opening was made by the fire, and by pulling down the guard-house I had the vacancy filled with pickets so the enemy could not enter. Two men were killed and one wounded all by their own carelessness." I was well acquainted with John Dixon and wife and Jonathan Graham and wife, and learned from them the incidents of the awful night. And here you will indulge me in a few reflections on what it cost of human life to secure our American civilization. These rich lands we now inherit from the perils of our pioneer fathers. There is a legend in the families of those in the fort that before the attack they had to bring water from the river and that was feared when the house was on fire, but there was a supply in the wells to put out the fire. Jonathan Graham told me the women drew the water and he carried it up and wet the roof and stopped the spread of the fire. He said next they loaded the gun and he shot through a port hole at the Indians.

Mackinaw was taken by British troops from Canada; Chicago was attacked by Indians, Fort Wayne besieged, Fort Monson besieged, Detroit surrendered and all this frontier from St. Louis to Buffalo exposed to a savage foe furnished with arms by the most powerful commercial nation on the globe, against which the United States had declared war. A cordon of block houses garrisoned with volunteers called rangers extended from Natchez to Detroit, passing through Indiana and Michigan, protected the citizens of those days. It was only at the treaty with Great Britain at Ghent in 1814, Dec. 24th, that the United States obtained a national control of the Indians in all that border and at that treaty the British commissioners contended hard to exclude our possession of the lakes, and tried to make an acknowledged Indian territory between the two governments. The important epoch in the settlement of all this great plain, of which Terre Haute is the center, was between the years of 1815 and 1825. The Indians retired, the ranger settled on rich land, the territories became states of the Union. Office-seekers and town-builders came from the older states. Infidels and fanatics, as well as preachers and teachers, tried to organize society, each after his own favorite theory. The Harmony of Heap, the Atheism of Owen, the Deism of Kirkney, the commune of the Shakers, the agrarianism of the Newlights and the city corporation of the Methodists of Mount Carmel were all planned and planted in their several localities during that eventful decade up to which time the Methodists were comparatively the weakest denomination, especially in the towns. The Kentucky Baptists, the Cumberland Presbyterians and Quakers were largely in advance of the Methodists in the older counties between this and the Ohio river.

However slow to provide for devotional services either by organizations or building, it may be said to the praise of those first settlers of Terre Haute, they were always free from fanaticism. None of the above named vagaries ever took root here, and it is to the praise of all the congregations of this city that neither heresy nor apostacy, nor the scandal of fallen ministers has marred their onward progress for usefulness. The tradesmen, merchants and bankers, as well as editors, teachers and preachers have been liberal and charitable, furnishing many examples of individual success in all departments of private and public enterprise differentiating with lines well defined, producing variety yet sufficiently uniting to make a strong example of American Christian civilization. A free family, free school, free church, free Bible, free vote, free conscience and a free will.

In conclusion, I speak as unto wise men. In a didactic paraphrase of the 15th chapter of Hebrews: Let brotherly love continue, be not forgetful to entertain strangers, remember the afflicted, be not carried about with strange doctrines, obey them that rule over you, follow the example of your leaders who watch for the good of your souls, trusting in Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever. And I pray the God of peace to make you perfect in every good work to do his will working what is well pleasing in His sight, to whom be glory forever. Amen.

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